

LAVIGNE DEFEATS EVERHARDT

THE NATIONAL
POLICE GAZETTE
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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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PLUCKY GIRL FIGHTS HIGHWAYMAN.

A BICYCLE BEAUTY, OF DETROIT, MICH., PUTS UP A FIERCE BATTLE WITH A BANDIT.



RICHARD K. FOX, . . . Editor and Proprietor.

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LETTERS praising the souvenir supplement continue to come in, which shows that a really good thing is appreciated by the people.

SAGINAW, Mich., is fast establishing the reputation of being a very warm and spicy town, as the columns of this paper show. But the women are said to be very beautiful and the men are all supposed to have money. If that is the case, they are all angels.

THE novel act of selling a wife at auction was performed recently at New Orleans, La., where a husband who had grown tired of the sharer of his joys and sorrows let her go to the highest bidder. The man who fancied her most bid her in for the paltry sum of \$25, and he had the satisfaction of owning her just twenty-four hours, as the next day she "touched" her new man for \$50 and returned to her first choice. Now they have both skipped, and it looks very much as if they made a very comfortable living that way.

SOMEWHERE in the neighborhood of Detroit, Mich., there is a highwayman with several scratches on his face and a large, thick bruise on his forehead. He is sore in body and sore in spirit, and he will never again attack a bicycle maid. He will pick out express engines in the future, and be on the safe side. He tried to hold up a young and pretty wheelwoman the other night, and she gave him the fight of his life. After she had rolled him into a ditch she picked up a big rock and smote him on the forehead with it. He laid down on the green, green grass to think it over, and she remounted her wheel and rode homeward, humming the refrain of that familiar old ballad: "Just tell them that you saw me."

MASKS AND FACES.

How Papinta Keeps Herself
From Growing Too Stout.

FENCES AND RIDES A BIKE.

A Brief Tale of Leading Lady, Poisoned
Pears and Press Agent.

BUT IT IS VERY TRAGIC.

The other day a man asked Papinta, the myriad dancer, how she kept in condition for her hard dancing.

"I fence every day," she said, "and when I'm not fencing I'm riding a bicycle."
But fencing is what gives her that wonderfully supple figure. She has a costume she bought in Paris, a reproduction of which is shown here. It consists of full tights, with a doublet, and a buckskin jacket. It isn't necessary to tell what her bike costume is.

The very latest is quite up to date, and stars Miss Letta Meredith, the charming leading lady of Carr's Third Avenue Theatre. When she went to the theatre the other night she found a package on her dressing case. She cut the string. The crisp paper fell away, disclosing a pretty box made of sea shells. Inside the box, yellow as gold, were several

large Bartlett pears. "How delicious," she exclaimed.

She picked up a card on which her name was inscribed in backhand script. It was a new handwriting. There was nothing else on the card—nothing anywhere to indicate from whom the present came.

It had been brought to the theatre by a messenger boy and left on her dressing table, while she was acting.

Her teeth met in a mellow pair, and she swallowed a mouthful.

"Instantly," she said afterwards, "a horrible, burning sensation ran down my throat."

To shriek she was poisoned—to fall in a faint on the floor—they were the work of an instant.

Then there was the devil to pay. A doctor was sent for. He gave her an emetic and then he examined the fruit. It was all poisoned.

"Who could have sent me poison?" asked Miss Meredith, after she had recovered. "Have I an enemy? Can it be the work of a jealous rival?"

She was soon able to go on with her part, but she said it was hard work, but it wasn't half so hard as the wear and tear on the brains of the man who invented this story.

George Waugh Arnold has accepted the position of press agent at Hammerstein's Olympic. Mr. Arnold is not only a clever, but a well-known, newspaper man, who is well equipped for his position.

Harry Miner says he is going to take his wife up to the mountains this winter and feed her on corn. She was Annie O'Neil before she was married recently, and a critical woman writer speaks of her as being rather "fine" and pale, whatever that means.

May Haines, a clever young actress, has made her reappearance on the stage after a retirement of five years in "A Florida Enchantment" at Hoyt's Theatre. Her last important appearance in this city

FOOTLIGHT QUEENS.

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was as the Prince of Wales in Richard Mansfield's splendid production of "Richard III" at Palmer's Theatre. She subsequently married James E. Moore.

The change which has come over the old Imperial since Weber & Fields took command and transformed it into the Broadway Music Hall sometimes produces queer results. A woman who used to be a regular occupant of one of the boxes under the old regime dropped in at the performance of "The Gezer" the other night. The man she was with bought a box and the two immediately started in to enjoy themselves. Seven minutes from the time they landed in the box they were being escorted to the front door. The woman was furious.

"Where's Kraus?" she cried hysterically. "Send Kraus to me at once. I'll have all you ushers fined for this. If you can't find Kraus send me Doc Macdonough."

As neither Kraus nor Macdonough came in answer to her shouts she clutched hold of the balcony railing and exclaimed:

"Say, tell me am I sleepwalking. Ain't this the old Imperial Music Hall?"

"Yes, it is," said the head usher. "But—"

"Take me away! Take me away!" she cried, turning to her bewildered escort as they reached the street.

"Even old Kraus has been Parkhurst. That I should live to see the day when me, a lady, should be thrown out of the Imperial!"

De Wolf Hopper walked up Broadway the other afternoon munching roasted chestnuts which he had purchased from an Italian vender. Stopping to

line Miskel). It may furnish a new generation another clever writer of amusing farces, or it may give to the future stage another handsome actress.

There is a chorus girl in "The Lady Slavey" company who travels with a French maid, always buys the stateroom on the sleepers and in many other ways displays evidences of unlimited means. The other day the company reached Albany, and the chorus lady hied her to the Kenmore Hotel, where she imperiously demanded "a parlor, bedroom and bath!"

The hotel clerk sized her up. He knew a theatrical company had just arrived, and he easily recognized the lady before him as a "trouper," and such players do not as a rule occupy the best rooms.

"Ahem! madam, our rates are—" began he, when the front-row beauty interrupted him.

"My man, I did not inquire your rates. I desire a parlor, bedroom and bath."

"Certainly, certainly, madam," said the clerk, properly rebuked. "Front! Show the leading lady up to parlor A."

The chorus girl swept to the elevator with a regal stride, while her manager in the background snickered comfortably to himself.

"Mrs. Fernandez and her Forty Thieves" is the way the bevy of flower-girl actresses who serve at these benefit functions are now referred to.

When Charles J. Ross joined Weber & Fields' burlesque company he and his wife, Mabel Fenton, sought out a quiet little flat where they could spend the season in repose. The first morning in their new quarters they were awakened by the noise overhead of

a number of children at about 8 A. M. Mr. Ross complained to the janitor, who brought back word from the parents that their children's quiet little game was not any more annoying than the arrival of the Theatians at 2 A. M. with their accompanying conversation. A new flat with more propitious prospects for repose was rented on Thirty-sixth street. But it was discovered on the

second day that a singing teacher occupied the apartment opposite, and that he gave lessons four times a week, beginning at 9 A. M. and lasting then on till late in the afternoon. Ross was in despair, and hunted the town over to find a flat next to the roof, where the folks living across the hall were non-musical, childless and deaf and dumb. He found what he thought would fill the bill one Thursday at a stylish apartment house on Thirty-fourth street. The first day all was quiet as the grave, but the next morning, precisely at 7 o'clock, workmen arrived on the roof and proceeded to pull off the tin. The noise they made was worse than stage thunder. Now Ross wants to hire a padded cell in a convenient neighborhood.

How prudish some of these comic opera stars are—how delightfully prudish and modest! Oscar Hammerstein didn't like the kind of dress Camille D'Arville wore in the second act of "Santa Maria," so he sat himself down and wrote this letter:—

As I am not yet prepared, physically, mentally or financially, to be managed by the artists in my employ, I once more ask you whether you intend to carry out my orders or not. I now for the last time request you to discard the wholly embarrassing and wholly inconsistent garment you wear in the second act, and to substitute for the same the plain corset and white petticoat without flowers, fringes or embroideries; you may embellish the corset with little colored ribbons in front, but the use of a broad ribbon or belt is out of place; you will also do away with any flowers in the hair or in the hand. If you should disregard these orders, I will be compelled to sever our connections. Why be prudish about this matter? You certainly have no reason to hide anything in a costume; unbecoming if not ugly.

Then Miss Camille writes a few lines herself:—

With unusual interest I have perused your edict of the 21st inst. In the matter of feminine attire, you lack experience, though as a man of such vast attainments you should have made the subject a particular study. Close research and observation might remedy the defect, but nevertheless, I really ought to be grateful for the permission you extend to me to appear before the public clad in petticoat and corset. Magnanimous, you truly are. You might have gone further and prescribed the costume of the mother of the world, to whom we owe progression. Shoes and stockings you do not mention, as well as other articles necessary to make up a feminine toilet ensemble. The effect of cold and draught upon a singer appearing in the attire you demand you evidently underrate. No, no, Monsieur le Directeur; I have no ambition to shine as a Lady Godiva up-to-date, nor have I the slightest intention to ruin my voice at the altar of your whims and fancies. My attorneys will attend to the rest.

Now for war. And the big odds are on Oscar.

MABEL PUNCHED THE SWELL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Mabel Livingston, the well-known female baritone singer, who is at present filling an engagement at Macon, Ga., had a little experience the other night with three heavy swells, which ended in her punching the face off one of them. The men bought front seats at the theatre. They smiled at the little beauty, and applauded her freely. After she had finished her songs they sent in their cards and asked if they could see her in the green room. She said yes. So they went in and ordered half a dozen bottles of wine, after which one of them told Miss Livingston he would like to kiss her. Then she left them. They sent for her again, and she, thinking they intended to apologize, returned. As soon as she entered the room, the offending man caught hold of her hands. She pulled away from him, and landed a right-hand swing on his jaw, sending him over a table.

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PAPINTA IN FENCING COSTUME.

She Brought It from Paris So that She
Might Keep in Trim.

Speak to a friend, one of the nuts slid down his throat the wrong way and Hopper was seized with a coughing fit.

"Don't let it get out," remarked Mark Smith, who was with him, "that a comic opera comedian choked on a chestnut. It would ruin your professional standing."

Clara Morris, dear old girl, was thrown from her carriage in Mount Vernon the other day by a team of runaway horses. She picked out the softest spot in the road to fall on, so she wasn't badly hurt.

Mrs. Lewis Jordan, of the "Flying Jordans," whose daring evolutions in midair excite so much enthusiasm at Koster & Bial's, was ignorant of the trapeze until her marriage, seven years ago.

She was a farmer's daughter, and her acrobatic knowledge had been confined to climbing trees and fences.

Her husband was with a circus, and she first began practicing on the horizontal bar of her own accord.

Mrs. Jordan takes more pride in the training of her two pretty children, her housekeeping affairs and the cooking of a toothsome doughnut than in her flying leaps and dives.

A happy event looked forward to in the household of Charles E. Hoyt is the talk of the many friends of that gentleman and his handsome wife (Caro-

HOW HE CAUGHT HIS WIFE.

The Queer Way in Which a Husband Got Evidence.

A DRUNKEN MAN TOLD HIM.

Then He Caught Madame in the Arms of a Young and Handsome Lothario.

AND NOW THEY HAVE PARTED.

It is almost conceded that the town of Saginaw, Mich., is one of the warmest spots in these United States, and to judge from the news which drifts from there occasionally there doesn't seem to be any doubt about it. A man who was walking on Lampeer street the other night heard gay voices proceeding from a certain house, heard laughter and then came a woman's voice, singing:

"We'll all take another drink just to drive away the blues."

As the man stopped to listen an inebriated individual came out of the house. He ran up against the man on the sidewalk and remarked:

"I beg your pardon. Whoop, but didn't I have a big time?"

"There is a married woman in that place," he continued, "who is as drunk as an owl. She was drinking whiskey straight, and took on such a load that the landlady refused her anything more to drink. She was telling the crowd what a good husband she had and how she was pulling the wool over his eyes."

The husband of the woman is well known in Saginaw. He is a square-dealing citizen and is in comfortable circumstances, and has a good business. His vocation calls him out of the city a great deal of his time, and it is during these business excursions that his faithless wife takes advantage of the confidence he has placed in her. He was an indulgent husband, and thought the world of his wife. Their little home is complete. A domestic performs the household duties, so that the wife need not raise her hands save to eat her meals. When her husband is in the city no wife could be more attentive. She conducts herself as a sweetheart. A different state of affairs prevail, however, when the husband is away. Instead of maintaining the dignity of her husband's home she wanders to the chilly waters of Babylon and trails the hem of her garments in the mud. Her gait is very swift.

She has a traveling man friend from Cleveland, O., with whom she hobnobs during her husband's absence from the city. It is alleged that this darling creature retires with a loaded revolver under her pillow, and has made the threat that she would shoot her husband dead if he should return unexpectedly and find the traveling man in the house. When both her husband and the traveling man are out of town she makes the rounds of several questionable resorts and makes herself objectionable by putting on a beautiful jag. She is a victim of strong drink and is decidedly noisy when under the influence of liquor. Her servant travels in the same lines with her mistress and often shares her bibulous escapades.

All this was told by the bibulous gentleman to the man whom he bumped up against on the street, and when he had finished the man started for the door of the house.

"Where are you going, old man?" he was asked.

"Inside."

"What for? They're all drunk?"

"I'm her husband!"

"Oh, hell!" ejaculated the man with a load, as he fled. The husband rang the bell and was admitted. He burst into the front parlor and stood in the doorway. In the arms of a young man, both drunk, and with her feet on a table, was his wife.

She seemed too drunk to care for him for she waved her hand at him and shouted:

"Come, sit down and bring us a drink." Then he turned and walked out. Now there is a rich, rare and racy divorce suit on the tapis.

"SHELL OUT EVERYTHING."

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

"Dynamite Dick, the Terror of the Oklahoma Prairies," rode into Carney, Oklahoma, the other night and held up the whole town.

He rode in at the head of five of his followers and all wore heavy masks. In each of his waving hands there was a barking revolver, and out of his mouth came yells that revived memories of the old days on the plains.

Each of his men was similarly equipped in the way of weapons, and each strove, by the wildness of his cries, to rival the dread impression created by his chief.

In five minutes the town was at their mercy. The 300 men, women and children who go to make up the population of the place, surrendered almost at the first shot fired in the air and the ranting desperadoes found it easy to get away with pretty nearly everything valuable that lay at hand, or that had been locked up by the timid owners.

"Dynamite Dick" superintended the "job," which was performed with much neatness and an immense amount of dispatch.

He and one of his fellows captured the big "general

store," which is the chief pride of most Oklahoma towns. The two men found the owner of the store, one Foutz, and his young son alone in the place, and the latter promptly held up their hands. Those of the father, however, were made to come down again as promptly, and to as much purpose.

Foutz, at "Dick's" imperative command, opened the big iron safe behind the counter and handed over, with trembling hands, the \$800 which it contained, his son meanwhile gazing with great earnestness into the muzzle of the other robber's pistol.

Having got all that he could conveniently carry away with him, "Dick" concluded to make a good job sure. So he tied up the hands of the man and his son, strapped them both on a pony, which he found attached to a horse ring in front of the store, and sent them under convey of his "pal" to a place outside the town, where the "pal" bound his captives to a tree and left them to silently bemoan their fate, enforcing quiet lamentations by means of a gag in the mouth of each.

In the meantime, other members of "Dynamite Dick's" busy gang had been seeking booty elsewhere. They thought they would get a rich haul in the post-office, but being disappointed there, they turned their attention to other buildings in the immediate vicinity.

In the shanty dignified by the name of "hotel," they found an abject proprietor and several travelling men who made no other response to the arguments advanced by the robbers than to "shell out."

They turned over their valuables without a murmur and obligingly held up their hands while a polite bandit went through their pockets to make sure that nothing had been overlooked in their own hasty and unprofessional search for trinkets.

These three buildings were the only likely places in town in which to hunt for plunder, and, having secured enough to satisfy even the chief, "Dynamite Dick" and his crowd rode merrily out of town, banging their loud-mouthed revolvers as they went. They had previously taken the precaution to cut all wires leading from the little place to Chandler, and so were comparatively safe.

The highwaymen clear of the town, its demoralized inhabitants came out of their trance in a jiffy. About 100 of the men organized themselves into a pursuing body and



DIED TO ESCAPE GOSSIP.

Sensational Story Which Ended in a Girl's Suicide.

WAS ACCUSED OF MURDER.

Her Death Had Been Predicted by the Family Physician.

A ROMANCE OF NAPA, CAL.

The sudden and tragic death by drowning in the Napa river at Napa, Cal., recently, of Jeannette Saul is but the continuation of a series of misfortunes which have come upon her unhappy family.

In the first place the home of the Saul girls' stepfather was robbed. Then the place burned down and later still both mother and father died. This calamity was followed by the death of the youngest daughter.

Jeannette Saul's career was checkered by misfortune and troubles such as few experience in a life of twenty-four years. Did she, as the result of a mind perverted by insanity, bring grief and destruction upon her home,

the last act in the tragedy which again brought the unfortunate family before the public.

One Monday afternoon Jeannette was seen to walk down Main street. She entered a drug store on a trifling errand at just about 5 o'clock, greeting an acquaintance whom she met at the door with her accustomed smile, and seeming to be in her usual happy frame of mind. Then she went up First street to Brown, down that thoroughfare to Second and into a lawyer's office in the Masonic Temple. He is the attorney for the estate, and had charge of the business affairs of the family. She had a little business with him in regard to the estate, but at his request, it being his dinner hour, consideration of the matter was deferred.

Walking erectly, carrying a letter in her hand, the young woman retraced her steps down Brown street to the postoffice and mailed the letter. From the postoffice, by a roundabout route, she wended her way to the river bank a short distance below the steamboat landings. An hour and a half later her sailor hat and veil were found in a rowboat by the little daughter of W. G. Short.

The children hastily called their father, who gave the alarm. Harry Short came to his assistance, and by means of a garden rake the body was found and raised to the surface.

The coroner was notified. Meanwhile a crowd had gathered, but no one could identify the woman in the gathering twilight, though her features were familiar to every one present. Not for some time was the personality of the unfortunate girl known.

Immediately upon the identification the rumors which had slumbered for two years were revived, and the conclusion was jumped at that she had fulfilled the prediction of the physician, made at the request of her stepfather, and had put an end to her troubles by suicide. Nor was this conjecture at fault, as subsequent circumstances showed.

The coroner summoned a jury and gave the autopsy into the hands of the same physician who had performed that office for the stepfather. The fact that the girl had gone into a drug store on her way to the river gave color to the suspicion that she had made death doubly certain by taking poison previous to plunging into the dark depths of the river. The autopsy showed this was not so, and the jury rendered a non-committal verdict that death was caused by drowning.

Soon after the verdict had been rendered the fact became known that the drowned girl had left a letter addressed to her sister Alice, stating that she was going to commit suicide. The letter was none other than the one carried to the lawyer's office, and afterwards posted by her own hand, just before taking the fatal leap. In the letter the girl gave her reasons for taking her life. She was haunted by the suspicions of people that she had murdered her father, mother and sister and had burned their home. Her persecutors had even gone so far as to write anonymous letters to her friends, informing them of their suspicions, stated as facts, in many cases turning these friends into suspicious enemies. These things, she said, had so preyed on her mind that death seemed preferable to life. She would choose death as her portion.

The doctor's prophecy was fulfilled.

MR. BERNARD SOANE-ROBY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Amongst the most popular men now connected with English touring companies is Mr. Bernard Soane-Roby, part proprietor and manager of Montague Roby's Famous Midget Minstrels, a very powerful combination of youthful minstrels. Mr. Roby is grandson of the late Sir John Soane, who was a great benefactor to the citizens of London. Mr. Roby was at one time a figure of considerable prominence in the theatrical business, but has attained greater eminence as a clever director. He keeps several valuable dogs and is represented at most of the principal canine shows in Great Britain. He is particularly at home in Birmingham, where he can satisfy his partiality for boxing and football. His Midget Minstrel Combination will shortly visit America, where they are sure of a warm welcome. Several of the most successful variety artists in England were taught their business when with Mr. Roby's troupe.

JOHN J. QUIGLEY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

One of the finest boy singers on the stage to-day is John J. Quigley, who was once a Boston newsboy, and for whom the famous composer, Mr. Monroe H. Rosenfeld, has written a song, "Don't Send Her Away," that will soon become popular. He is with Denman Thompson's company now and is making a hit every night.

SHOT HER DOWN IN COURT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A most sensational scene was enacted in the lobby of the police court at Sacramento, Cal., the other morning when a man named James Lowe pulled out a big revolver, and after fatally wounding Miss Addie Schilling, blew his own brains out.

The woman was reported to have been Lowe's mistress and was to have been a witness against him in a vagrancy case. Lowe was the son of State Senator Lowe, of San Jose. When shot the Schilling woman had in her hand threatening letters written her by Lowe, who was suspected of arson.

Danny McBride and Spike Sullivan, of Boston, may come to, ether again. A New York club is willing to give a purse.

Shadow Maber, who came to America with the lightweight championship of Australia, is in Toronto for a short visit. Jack Crawford, the well known Toronto lightweight, having announced himself as willing to meet him, Maber says he is ready to take him on. Maber adds that he will meet any boxer in Toronto at from 146 to 160 pounds for \$500 to \$1,000.

Should Howie Hodgkins decide to take Joe Walcott to England this year there is a barrel of money over there for the colored champion. Colored boxers are all the rage among the lords of the big sporting clubs, and as Walcott enjoys a reputation in the ring far exceeding any other colored boy who has ever walked the streets of London, he will be a great card.

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started after the robbers, vowing vengeance. At the last accounts they were still in pursuit and still uttering deep-voiced threats.

Two hours after the Carney hold-up four masked men, probably of "Dynamite Dick's" outfit, rode into Mulhall, a smaller town nearby, and induced the only liveryman there to give them fresh horses. The man at first made some little objection, but potent arguments were brought forward which caused him to submit without further protest.

THREW HER CHILD IN THE MILL RACE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. Carrie Whalen, a woman about thirty years old, threw her baby into Brown's race, at the foot of Central avenue, Rochester, N. Y., the other day, and then leaped into the water.

The screams of the child attracted some workmen to the scene, but it died before it could be reached.

The mother was taken out unconscious and removed to the City Hospital. It was with much difficulty that she was saved; she was evidently intent on drowning herself.

Coroner Kleudienst, with a force of men, dragged the race for the body of the child. The mill owners refused to shut down so that the water could be drawn off the race.

HENRY C. SALTIEL.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Among the younger generation of strong men who are fast coming into prominence attention must be given to Harry Saltiel, a 140-pound lad, who is open to put up dumbbells against anybody his weight for money. He belongs in Jersey City, N. J.

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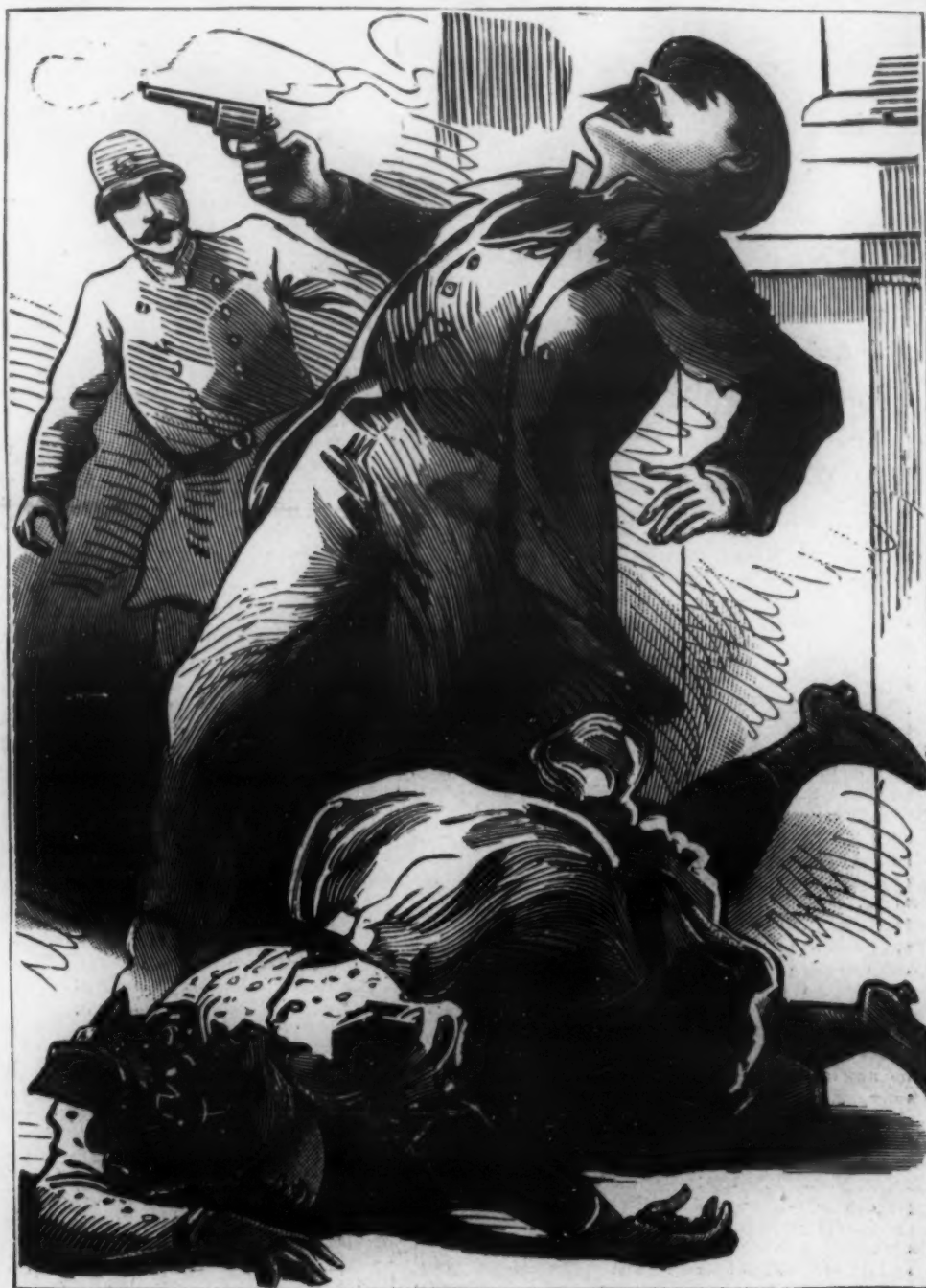


MLLE. FLORENTINE.

ONE OF THE BEST KNOWN AND MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN OF THE PARIS THEATRES.



THREW HER CHILD IN THE MILL RACE.
THEN A POVERTY-CRAZED MOTHER, OF ROCHESTER, N. Y.,
TOOK A SUICIDAL LEAP.



SHOT DOWN IN COURT.
JAMES LOWE WOUNDS HIS ACCUSER IN SACRAMENTO,
CAL., AND THEN KILLS HIMSELF.



"SHELL OUT EVERYTHING!"
DYNAMITE DICK" AND HIS GANG CLEAN OUT THE TOWN OF CARNEY, OKL., AT PISTOL POINTS.

THEY FOUGHT FOR A WOMAN

Husband Looking for Wife Finds
Treacherous Friend.

THEN THE DUEL WAS ON.

For Twenty Minutes With Knife and
Pistol They Battled in the Dark.

THEY WERE LOCKED TOGETHER.

One of the most sensational as well as vicious duels ever known was fought recently in a dark room in a house in Danbury, Conn., by two men who had once been the firmest of friends. They are Thomas Gurno, whose wife was taken from him by Frank Gillott, once his closest friend. Gurno went to the house where they were living to kill them both. He fired once at his wife, and when she fled he followed her and encountered her lover. They fought until the wife gave the alarm, and the policeman who responded found them clinched on the floor of a dark room.

Gurno and his wife lived in Harrisburg, Pa., until three months ago. The young husband—they had been married but two years—secured work in a factory. Gillott, who worked there, too, became his friend, and at length Gurno proposed that he become a boarder at his house.

Gillott accepted, and so met Mrs. Gurno. She is young, pretty and impressionable. The boarder pleased her. The husband was loving and blind. His wife was cautious. Gurno saw nothing which he could interpret as admiration on the part of either, and was happy in the love of his wife and the esteem of his friend.

The awakening was rude. One summer day Gillott's lathe was idle. Gurno went home that day when work was over to find Mrs. Gurno unaccountably missing.

Then he guessed it. He locked the empty cottage, nailed up the windows and prepared for a journey. To those who questioned him he said he was going to find Gillott and his wife, and be revenged.

He had money enough to pay the expenses of pursuit. The chase led him to Bangor, Me. Gillott had lived there. There he learned that the fugitives had gone to Danbury, and went there after them. He searched the city for the man and woman, and he carried a revolver.

Finally he met the man he was seeking in the street, and turned aside before Gillott saw him. When Gillott went home Gurno shadowed him. Thus he found that his wife and his former friend were living in a cosy little cottage in Patch street.

He did not draw a pistol then, but caused their arrest for maintaining improper relations. His wife's face softened his heart. He talked with her. She promised to return to him. He agreed to withdraw the charge, receive her and forget the past. She made all sorts of promises in return for this clemency. They planned to go back to Harrisburg.

But Gurno, ever watchful, discovered on the day before that set for their departure that Gillott had seen the woman and talked with her. Then the husband cast her off and began a suit for divorce. It is still pending. The law is slow. He waited for a week or so, and then determined to revenge himself.

He armed himself with a revolver, as of old, and placed a knife in his pocket as well. There was much to do. He believed he would find the woman in the Patch street house as well as the man, and he was right. She had returned to Gillott.

It was dark when Gurno reached the cottage. He crawled under the stoop to wait until one or both should appear. He lay concealed for an hour.

Then his wife opened the cottage door and came out. Gurno rose from his hiding place and confronted her. She stood still and stared at him in terror. He leveled his pistol and fired. The bullet missed her and she fled, screaming.

Gurno dashed after her and would have killed her, but that, once in the hall, he saw Gillott, who had just risen from the supper table. Gurno turned the weapon on him and, advancing in order to corner him in the room where he was, opened fire.

Gillott, unarmed and seeing that retreat was impossible, ran straight at the pistol and grappled Gurno. His right hand seized the husband's pistol arm and swung it upward. They fought for the weapon, for the man who could get that and hold it free for a moment would win.

In the scuffle the table was overturned, the lamp was thrown down and extinguished. Neither could see, but each had a grip on the other and they fought on.

Gurno, in the darkness, drew his knife, but Gillott's hold was too close to permit of a blow. The shots had attracted a crowd, but when they heard Mrs. Gurno's story outside, and waited in vain for shouts from within, they were afraid to enter.

The men inside were on the floor, each clutching the other with all his strength. Gillott, using his hands for his eyes, had found the knife Gurno drew, and pinioned his wrist. With his right hand he still held Gurno's right, which held the revolver, and struggle as he would the frenzied man could not get swing enough to stab or shoot in such a way as to wound seriously.

Once he forced Gillott's right hand to his mouth and bit his forefinger to the bone in an endeavor to make him free the pistol. But Gillott held on grimly, knowing that each was playing his life in this game in the dark.

Neither could use his hands. The knife, jerked sud-

denly, had cut Gillott's left hand, but not enough to make him let go. He slipped his hand a little higher on Gurno's wrist and maintained his iron grip.

Left alone in this position on the floor the battle, in time would have gone to the man whose endurance was the greatest. The crowd outside—though it was suspected that both men were dead—did not venture in to investigate, and it was not until a policeman arrived that the real state of affairs was learned.

The policeman, when he arrived at the door of the dark room, heard nothing but labored breathing. He lighted a lamp, expecting to find the men seriously wounded and unconscious. Instead he saw them locked together, with their cut and bleeding faces close together, glaring into each other's eyes. Both were exhausted.

He shouted to them to break away, but they never heeded. Neither dared loose pistol or knife, fearing that the other would kill him at once.

The policeman knocked the weapons from Gurno's hands and pulled them apart with difficulty. The fight in the dark had lasted twenty minutes, and it had been desperate from the start.

He dragged them to their feet, and told them that they were prisoners. Gurno broke from him and rushed at Gillott's throat, but he was weak, and the policeman and Gillott were able to subdue him. Other policemen came then, and the men were soon in cells.

Gurno was arraigned in the police court in the morning and was charged with attempting to murder his wife. He was held for trial. Gillott was set free.

"HOW MUCH AM I OFFERED FOR HER?"

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

When a good-looking woman is sold at auction the story is worth telling. This happened in New Orleans, and it all came about through the apparently idle remark of a well-to-do resident of the French quarter of the city—a man who was about forty years old, but who was still fine looking. He was sipping his absinthe with a friend when he said:

"Do you know where I can get a wife?"

"I'll sell you mine," said his friend, whose name is Spiro. "I'm going back to France, and she don't want to go with me." Her name is Marie; she is pretty, brown-eyed and only eighteen years old. Bourgeois,



MAD FIGHT IN THE DARK.

One Man Had a Knife, the Other Had a Pistol, and They Both Wanted Blood.

the old man, looked her over and expressed entire satisfaction. Spiro said that he was tired of Marie, and would auction her off to the highest bidder.

Several young men were called in, and the young wife, having consented to the auction, stood on a chair. "How much am I offered for this beautiful girl?" Spiro asked.

Some one shouted \$5, another made it \$10 and finally Bourgeois called out \$25, and the dark-eyed charmer was knocked down to him.

He paid the money and took the woman to a small house which he owns on Rampart street. On the morning following Marie asked him for \$50 to purchase a new dress and some household articles. He gave it to her and started for his work in a happy mood. When he returned home at dinner time he found the house empty.

Friends told him that his wife had packed up everything and had taken a train for the North. So that now Bourgeois is out about \$75.

Fred Voigt, of Newark, claims that Jimmy Handler, of Newark, got a bad decision in his bout with Jerome Quigley in Philadelphia recently. Voigt says that Handler punched Quigley all over the ring, and that the word that he should have got was a draw. All the Philadelphia papers in their accounts of the bout claim that the decision should have been a draw.

A SLAVE TO HER VANITIES.

A Slave Devil. No. 12 of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. Translated from the French. Exciting text and 77 piquant illustrations. Sent by mail, securely wrapped on receipt of price, 50 cents. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York. 149 Fleet street, London, E. C.

WAS A DISCARDED BRIDE.

So This Actress Was Photo-
graphed While in a Coffin.

FOR HER LOVER'S BENEFIT.

He Thought She Was Dead and He
Became Violently Insane.

GHASTLY REVENGE OF A GIRL.

The recent confinement in an insane asylum of a young man named James Croft has revealed one of the most original dramas of real life ever plotted by human ingenuity. It is the unique romance of an unusually moral youth; a fair enchantress of the sparkling metropolitan music halls; rapturous love at first sight; a betrothal that caused domestic delight at Croft's home, and then cruel accusations from friends that brought about a chain of mental discord with a frightful result. Croft comes from a highly respectable old American

her name and address, and discovered that she had an aunt who was the wife of a Long Island farmer living near Locust Valley, where she frequently spent her Sundays. On returning home he showed himself a rapturous candidate for matrimony, and so his mother and sister noted the change in his manner with increasing regret. He no longer seemed to find pleasure in their society, and when unable to visit the mistress of his heart he corresponded with her.

His mother and sister made fun of him and exhorted him to listen to reason, but all to no purpose; and then, bowing to fate, consented to make the acquaintance of the fair enchantress.

The first impression was truly favorable. In fact she finished her introduction at his home by weaving around mother and daughter a spell as potent as that cast over the son. So Etta, although only a shop girl, as she had chosen to call herself, was formally recognized as the bride-elect, and the date of the wedding was fixed in the near future.

Young Croft was madly infatuated with his attractive betrothed, and she—as much enamored.

Mrs. Croft was Puritanical in her ideas of right and wrong, and so she determined to separate the young man from his adored one. This was not so difficult to accomplish as might be assumed, as the young man had been brought up to worship his mother's principles, and accordingly, unlike most lovers, he was prevailed upon to renounce his fair betrothed. At his mother's request he also resigned his position, it being a matter of only a couple of months' time from his twenty-first birthday, when he could claim his inheritance, and she wanted to make sure that he should not see Etta again until his infatuation had passed away.

A craving for vengeance arose in the girl, and she conceived a ghastly plot for bringing remorse to her former lover. It was to send him a photograph of herself artistically arrayed in her bridal costume, with her shapely figure laid out for dead in a handsome casket.

She had the deceptive photograph taken. Then the question arose as to the best means of assuring his seeing it. She had begun to doubt whether he had received her letters. She decided to send the photograph to Mrs. Croft, instead of to her son, and to send it in her aunt's name. Next day Mrs. Croft received a registered letter with a deep black border. The handwriting was not that of any of her friends or acquaintances. She nervously tore the seal and drew out—not a missive, as she had expected the contents of the envelope to be, but a photograph, a picture far more eloquent than any letter could have been. It was the portrait of Etta, attired in her bridal finery, and lying lifeless in a handsome casket. She rushed into the library, where her son was reading, and laid the fatal photo before the unhappy man, with a significant air of triumph. Her silence was more expressive than any word she could have employed. It plainly bespoke of her satisfaction that the crisis of her beloved son's threatened destruction had passed, and that thereafter he would never give a thought to Etta. She thanked God that her good influence had saved him from wrecking his life.

For a few moments the young man gazed intently at the gruesome likeness. In silent horror. The ghastly picture, its pallid face, the awful recognition of the features, hypnotized him. For a moment the fierce contraction of his muscles stood still, then twitched violently again, and with a loud, piercing cry he threw himself on the floor, beating his breast in terror. In his frenzy he seemed to see Etta in death, and called to her in bated whisperings.

In awful language he reproached himself as the murderer of his martyred love. He raved and tore, and madly smashed everything within his reach to pieces, exclaiming:

"Oh! Etta—Etta! Oh, I know—God will demand thy life at my hands! I am branded forever—a murderer!"

The paroxysms of wild despair continued and inspired the sufferer's relatives with fear for his life. The family physician was called from the city, and his diagnosis proved even more terrible than death—confirmed insanity, with very little hope of ultimate recovery. When the physician arrived he had sunk exhausted in a comatose state, but before he left the victim of Etta's morbid act had revived his strength and went into another fit of raving. It is impossible to describe the grief of the broken-hearted mother on hearing the truth of her son's state. On the physician's advice he was placed under the personal treatment of a famous expert on insanity, in the specialist's private sanitarium.

After what passed in her cozy little cottage Mrs. Croft could not remain there alone, and so when her daughter and son-in-law were compelled to return to St. Louis, she accompanied them. She is said to have developed symptoms of dementia, and to be under the care of a St. Louis specialist.

The life of Etta Marmon is strikingly interesting in itself. She was first employed in the stage work of J. M. Hill in the Maria Tempest production of "The Fencing Master," as a member of the chorus. Etta was then only 17 years old, and the most doll-like of the beauties of that much complimented flock, when the opera was presented at the New York Casino. She partook of late suppers with her companions and their friends, and was considered the angel of the company. She was not engaged by Mr. Whitney when he bought the opera, the manager declaring such work not suitable for her, and so she drifted into the demoralizing music hall circle. At present she is on the road with a traveling company of burlesquers.

THAT SOUVENIR AGAIN.

ANACONDA, MONT., Oct. 19.

RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir: Just got my GAZETTE with the souvenir supplement. It's great, and I never saw such a group of fine lookers in my life. Like the rest of the pictures I got from the GAZETTE and from you personally it has found its way into a frame and hangs on the wall with the rest. Wishing you continued success, I remain, Respectfully yours,

A. FORTIER.

THE PAGE THAT KILLS.

"The Fate of a Libertine." By Emile Zola, the author of "Nana." No. 2 of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES, with 96 original and piquant illustrations. Sent by mail, securely wrapped, to any address, on receipt of price, 50 cents. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, the Fox Building, Franklin Square, New York. 149 Fleet street, London, E. C.

In the course of their conversation, Croft obtained

STRYCHNINE FOR A LOVER.

Disappointed, a San Francisco Youth Takes Poison.

DIED IN HIS GIRL'S HOME

Unconsciously She Had Aided Him to Prepare the Deadly Draught.

SAD END OF ANOTHER ROMANCE.

San Francisco, Cal., has seen no more sensational suicide than that of young William T. Hamilton, who, aided by the hand of his sweetheart, mixed a dose of strychnine for himself, swallowed it and inside of fifteen minutes was a corpse. The girl, whose name is Tessie Moore, became engaged to young Hamilton some time last February, but a few months later Hamilton's parents refused to consent to the union, so the other evening the young lover called on the girl at her home. He remained with her but a few minutes and then he went out to a drug store and bought a vial of the poison. When he returned he told Miss Moore it was bromo-seltzer.

The girl, believing that what he said was true, led him to the kitchen sink, took from a shelf a glass and placed it to receive the powder. Into the glass Hamilton poured the poison which the trusting girl all too fondly believed to be an enjoyable sedative.

Attentive to her lover's wants, Miss Moore procured for him a spoon with which to mix the drink. This done, Hamilton filled with water the glass placed for him by his loved one, stirred the mixture with the spoon she had given him, and with "Here goes, Tess," drank off the deadly draught, the unsuspecting maiden watching the while.

Hardly had the poisonous potion been swallowed when he informed his "Tess" that the drink which apparently he had bolted so carelessly was not a bromo-seltzer, but a dose of strychnine. Incredulous of this, Tessie asked if he really was not fooling her. He replied no, that it was strychnine, and that he had taken enough to kill four men. He knew this, for he had worked in a drug store and was informed as to the effect of drugs.

Now convinced that he had taken poison, Tessie in alarm summoned the members of the family, and some one was dispatched for a physician. By this time the drug had begun to work its effect, and a little later Hamilton fell prostrate on the kitchen floor. He was picked up and carried to a sofa in Tessie's room, and from there to the bed in the room occupied by the girl's mother.

Here was enacted a pathetic scene. The young girl, who but a few moments before had all unconsciously done what she could to hasten the young man's death, who had furnished him the glass and spoon, now, with these same loving hands, endeavored to avert the coming blow. She distractedly caressed him and begged him not to die, apparently thinking that her caresses and her entreaties would serve to stay the work of the strychnine.

"Tess, I feel the pain, and it soon will all be over," he said, as he felt the poison gripping at his vitals. Then recurring to the unfortunate event that had been the cause of his rash act, he said:

"If I cannot have you, Tess, I do not want to live."

Here, seeing the great grief that his approaching death was causing her, he said:

"Oh, Tess, if only I could take you with me."

This said, it was but a short time until he breathed his last.

A few minutes before young Hamilton died a physician who had been summoned arrived, but his services were futile, for the strychnine had done the work expected of it, and the young man was beyond the power of medical aid.

When it was known that Hamilton had taken poison his mother was sent for, and she reached the bedside of her son just before he died. To her he said that he had taken poison because he could not marry Tessie.

The father of the youth says that about six months ago his son asked for consent to marry Miss Moore. Both he and the boy's mother disapproved the idea for the reason that he was too young and had no means with which to support a wife. They advised him to wait until he was twenty-one and then he would probably be better able to assume the responsibilities of married life. The youth at that time dissented from his parents' view of the case, but did not renew the proposal. Shortly after that, Mr. Hamilton says, he took his son into his establishment and gave him a chance to make a little money. He seemed satisfied and appeared to have come to his parents' way of thinking about his marriage to Tessie. He was not discouraged in his attentions to the girl, and continued to wait upon her as he before had done.

Tessie Moore, upon whose account young Hamilton killed himself, says that he called upon her early in the afternoon. He was then slightly under the influence of liquor. She chided him for breaking his pledge not to drink, but he insisted that he was not drunk. He left at 3:30 o'clock, saying he was going down to the store to work. He called again at 6:30 in the evening and said to her that he had told the teamster to inform his father that he had gone across the bay. When he called in the evening Miss Moore says Hamilton was still slightly intoxicated. He was jollier than he was in the afternoon, however, and laughingly turned away her chidings about his having been drinking. Miss Moore says she accompanied Hamilton to the stairs when he went to the drug store for the strychnine, and waited there for him until he returned.

According to Miss Moore's statement Hamilton had often before threatened to commit suicide. When he made such threats he would say that when he did com-

mit suicide he would take her with him. One evening not long ago, she says, he came to her house, bringing with him a revolver, and he then again threatened to kill himself and her too.

Miss Moore says that she and young Hamilton had not relished his parents' opposition to their marriage, and they had planned to be married on a tug out at sea. They had two or three times set the date for the event, but something always turned up to frustrate their plans. She says Hamilton had arranged to have the wedding take place a few days before his suicide. He had gone down before to see the captain of a tug about the matter, and the captain had told him it would cost him \$40 to be married at sea. When the day came Hamilton again postponed the affair, saying that he could not raise the \$40. Miss Moore was willing to marry Hamilton on land or at sea, and she says her mother was agreed.

TO BREAK UP MORMONISM.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mormon elders have been holding meetings in and around Liberty, Ky., recently, and affairs have become very warm in that section of the country. The other night some men called at the home of one of the elders and were put out. From the outside they fired shots through the doors and windows, fatally wounding the elder and his wife. Indignation runs very high against the Mormons and there may be trouble.

JESSE BURKETT.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

When President Nick Young, of the National League of Baseball Clubs, finished the compilation of the individual records of the players who participated in the pennant contest just ended, it was found that the batsman who had earned the highest percentage was Jesse Burkett, of the Cleveland team.

JOS. W. GRIMES, CYCLIST.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

There are bicycle riders, cyclists, cyclemen, wheelmen and et ceteras enough to fill a book, but so far no title has been given to the individual who comprises the five hundred pound division. Jos. W. Grimes doesn't weigh quite five hundred, but a matter of twenty pounds more or less doesn't cut much of a figure. Mr. Grimes enjoys the distinction of being the fattest professional bicycle rider in the world. His dimensions are as follows:



"I HAVE TAKEN POISON!"

Sensational Way in Which a Young Lover Sought Death.

low: Weight, 480; chest, 61; waist, 63; hips, 68; calf, 26; height, 6 feet 4 inches.

Mr. Grimes rides a 25-pound Cleveland special, and has made the circuit of the half-mile track at Erie, Pa., in 1:22. He rides tandem, too, his partner being a mere pigmy in size, weighing a trifle over 415 pounds.

PLUCKY GIRL FIGHTS HIGHWAYMAN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Minnie Haight, a pretty bicycle girl of Detroit, Mich., had a terrible struggle with a highwayman in the suburbs the other night. She was riding leisurely home from a little jaunt in the country when a man with a revolver in one hand, jumped out of the woods. He pointed the pistol at her and demanded all the money she had. The plucky girl made a grab for the weapon, got a good hold on it and then the real struggle began. Finally both fell in a ditch filled with mud and water, and when the girl got to her feet she grabbed a big stone and struck the man square in the forehead with it, stunning him. Then she rode away.

JACK BURGE, OF MT. VERNON.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

A capable boxer in the 126-pound division is Jack Burge, of Mt. Vernon. Burge's record over local New York boxers is a long and creditable one. At Madison Square Garden, recently, he stood off Tommy White, of Chicago, in a four-round bout. He is anxious to match with Martin Flaherty, of Lowell, or Spike Sullivan, of Boston.

MIDST FOLLY'S REIGN.
"The Devil's Compact." One of the spiciest novels from the French, pictorially illustrated, is others are equally as good in FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. PRICE 50 cents each. RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York. 149 Fleet street, London, E. C.

"POKE" TO BE DISSECTED.

He Wanted His Body to Go to a Medical College.

IT IS NOW IN ST. JOSEPH, MO.

And the Man Who Won His Wife Will Get His Heart and Skeleton.

VERY GHASTLY, BUT ROMANTIC.

When the dissecting season of a well-known medical college of St. Joseph, Mo., opens, the first body to be operated on will be that of "Poke" Wells, who in his life was notorious as a bandit.

The dead body of Wells is now in the "vat" at the medical college, undergoing the preservation process necessary to dissection. The story of how Wells' remains happened to be turned over to medical students is peculiarly interesting. A review of the dead bandit's career reads like a tale of fiction.

after the marriage of Johnson and his wife. Everybody expected there would be a killing, but there was not. On meeting Johnson, Wells assured him of his best wishes for a long and prosperous life. Calling at Johnson's home one day he gave the woman who had once been his wife \$300, kissed her good-bye and rode away to resume his career of outlawry, apparently pleased to be freed of matrimonial restraint. It is said of Wells, however, that he was devotedly attached to his wife, and that while he gave no outward evidence of grief at her marriage to Johnson, he brooded over the affair silently and plunged deeper and deeper into crime ever afterward.

Thereafter Johnson and Wells were always friends. As if to atone for his alienation of Mrs. Wells' affections, Johnson never failed to favor the outlaw whenever opportunity offered. It is a matter of legend in the rural region where Johnson lives that oftentimes his house has sheltered Wells when he was closely pressed by officers of the law. As the two men grew older it seemed that their friendship became more firmly cemented, and when at last Wells was hunted down and lodged in the Iowa Penitentiary for life sentence Johnson came to the rescue in a vigorous endeavor to secure a pardon. In this he had the hearty co-operation of the woman who had once been the outlaw's wife. Johnson had prospered in a financial way, and at the time of Wells' capture and sentence to prison he was worth a very neat fortune. The greater part of Johnson's wealth was urged upon "Poke" Wells to be used in defraying the expenses of the trial. Johnson spent thousands of dollars, but his efforts were in vain, and the noted bandit was released from prison only by death. During his confinement in the Iowa penitentiary Wells often spoke of Johnson's efforts on his behalf, and was grieved that he was restrained from making money with which to recompense him for the outlay of his fortune.

One day, only a short while before his death, Wells called one of the prison hospital attendants to his cot and requested that he be allowed to draw up a document of writing. It was then that he willed his body to Johnson. The outlaw convict knew that death was near, and he requested that Johnson be notified. On receipt of the news of Wells' death Johnson ordered the remains sent to him. Prior to that time he had informed the officers of the St. Joseph Medical College of the fact that he would offer Wells' body for dissection. The college faculty offered to pay the cost of shipping the body to St. Joseph, but Johnson rejected the offer, preferring to bear that expense himself.

Addressing the secretary of the Medical College faculty, Johnson said:

"Poke" requested that his body be given to some medical college for dissection, and you can have it, provided you agree to one thing: I don't want to sell his body, but after the dissection I want the heart and skeleton, the skeleton to be placed together in the proper position. I also want to witness the dissection. If you will agree to these terms you may have the body."

The secretary agreed to the proposition, and this is the story of how the Medical College dissecting "vat" now contains the mortal remains of Outlaw "Poke" Wells.

What grave and gruesome fancy prompted Wells to bequeath his body is a mystery, and even more mysterious is the demand made by Johnson for the heart and bones of the outlaw after the dissection. Johnson is very reticent on the subject, and has declined to tell the college faculty what he expects to do with his ghastly souvenir. Johnson will be notified when dissection will take place, and it is presumed that he will be present in accordance with his expressed desire.

"Poke" Wells was fifty years of age when death released him from prison. He was born in Buchanan County, Missouri, a short distance south of the city of St. Joseph, near the old town of Rushville. His father,

Colonel J. E. Wells, who died while "Poke" was a youth, won distinction for brave fighting for the United States during the war with Mexico. Colonel Wells was a prominent figure in the early history of Buchanan County, and was highly respected. He left his son a fortune. "Poke" was naturally of a wild and reckless disposition, and with the money left him by his father he plunged into a wild career, and soon squandered his inheritance.

WILLIE O'CONNOR, JOCKEY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Frequenters of the Eastern race tracks have found much to admire lately in the accomplishments of Willie O'Connor, a sixty-pound jockey, who rides for "Father Bill" Daly.

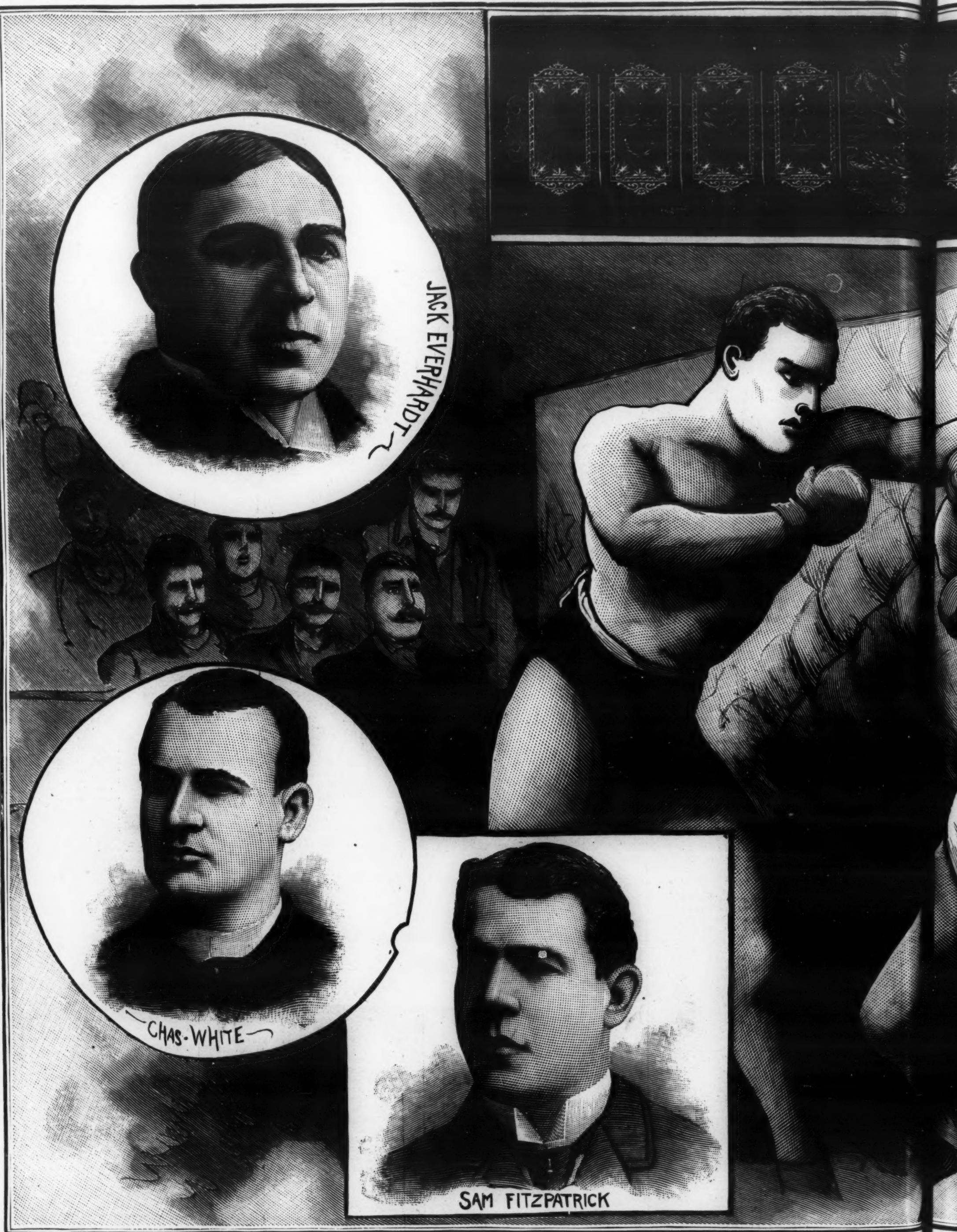
Willie came to be a jockey in rather a romantic way. He says he was at the races at the Brighton track during the summer of 1892. He was fired with the ambition to become a jockey. He had heard of "Father Bill" Daly, and he asked a man to point out the famous turfman. Willie then crawled over the paddock fence and boldly asked Daly for a job as stable boy.

"Son, you're too young," replied the sage of Hartford, shaking his head. Willie was then twelve years old, about as big as a two-cent piece. He only weighed 42 pounds. Mike Daly, who heard Willie's appeal for a job, was taken with the bright, eager face and gave Willie a chance.

The boy felt that he had no chance with Mike Daly, so he begged his release and went over to "Father Bill." This was three months ago. Daly, who has turned out such celebrated jockeys as McLaughlin and Garrison, soon realized the lad's worth and began giving him mounts. O'Connor rewarded him by riding a clever race on Emotional at the recent Aqueduct meeting and landing the purse at odds of 50 to 1.

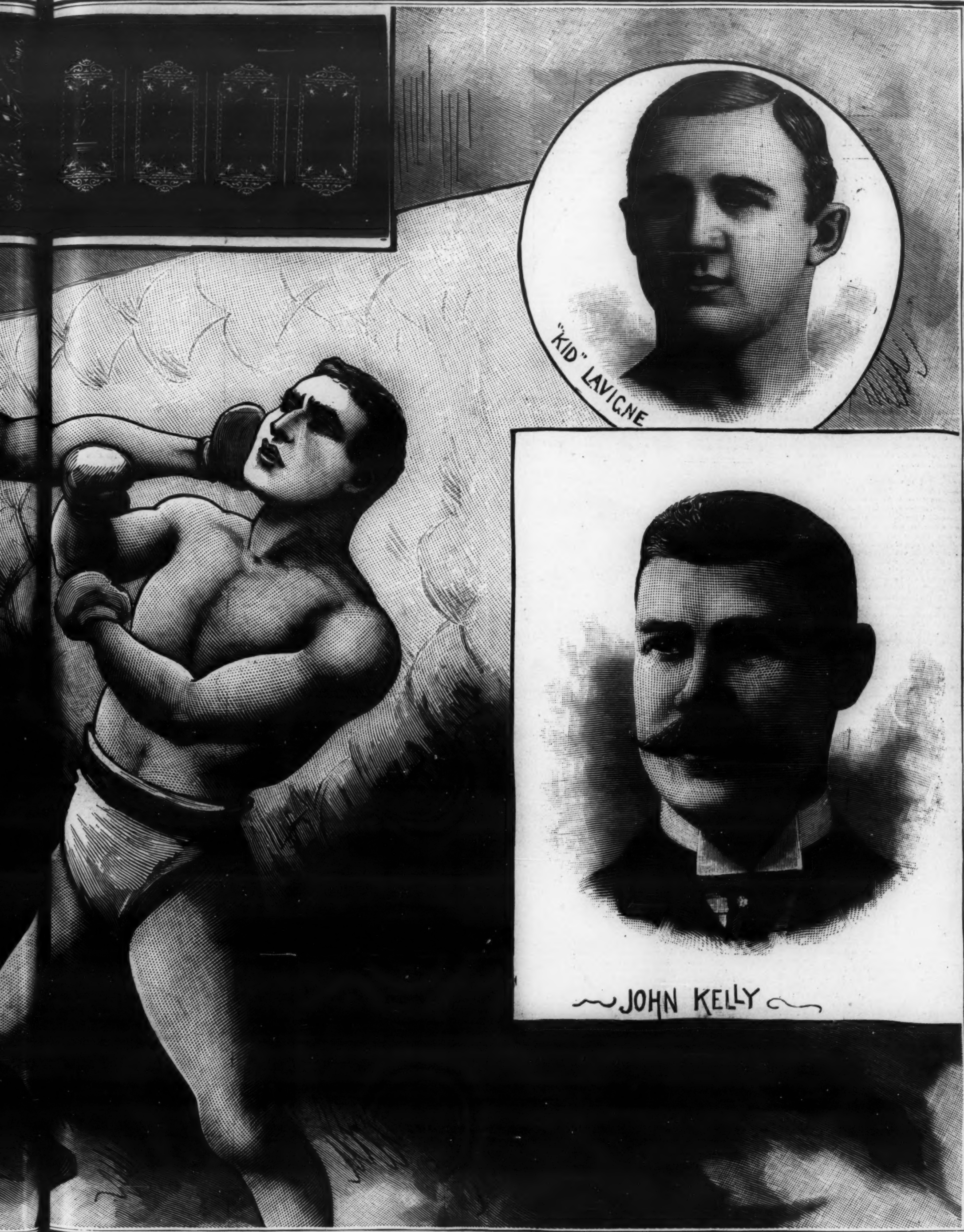
Daly declares that O'Connor is the best boy he has had since McLaughlin's time. Those who have watched the boy's riding are inclined to think he is right.

IN SATAN'S GRASP.
"The Devil's Compact." No. 4, FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. Pictorially illustrated. Price, 50 cents. From this office, RICHARD E. FOX, Franklin Square, New York. 149 Fleet street, London, E. C.



KID LAVIGNE WINS THE LIGHTWEIGHT

THE FATAL LEFT-HAND PUNCH IN THE TWENTY-FOURTH ROUND AT THE CLUB, NEW YORK, OCT. 27---R.E.



CHAMPIONSHIP FROM JACK EVERHARDT.

ROUAT WON AND LOST THE TITLE AT THE BOHEMIAN SPORTING
---RE, PRINCIPALS AND SECONDS.

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Arranging Events.

HOW THE THING IS WORKED.

Richard K. Fox Responsible for Matches
Made With the Olympic Club.

INTENSE RIVALRY BETWEEN CLUBS.

In these days of international rivalry, with American boxers eager to acquire fame in England, and vice versa, it is well to know that in the *POLICE GAZETTE* the boxing fraternity has an agency through which they can transact business by cable without charge, and be assured that it will receive the same prompt and reliable attention from our agents in London as is invariably done in the New York office of the paper.

Mr. Richard K. Fox has inaugurated an international cable exchange, by which news is received and forwarded by special facility every day. All the news of one day is sent from New York to London for circulation there the next, and the leading papers of the British metropolis rely almost entirely upon the *POLICE GAZETTE* cables for results of all the big fights held in all parts of America.

It was by being first on the spot with news that the London papers were enabled to print the details of the Corbett and Sharkey match; the subsequent arrangement of a match between Corbett and Fitzsimmons; Corbett's refusal to go to 'Frisco for the purse offered; Fitzsimmons' acceptance of Sharkey's challenge for a ten-round encounter, the naming of the date, Dec. 9; the results of the Green and Tracey contest in San Francisco; the Creedon and Baker contest at Masepath; the Dixon and White affair at the Broadway Athletic Club and, lastly, the result of the Lavigne and Everhardt championship contest.

An illustration of the rapidity with which international matches are made by cable between the New York and London offices of the *POLICE GAZETTE* is given in the arrangement of the affair between Eddie Connolly, of Boston, and Tom Causser, of Birmingham, on Nov. 24. When negotiations were opened, less than a month ago, three thousand miles of watery waste divided the two prospective opponents. An offer by cable of a purse and expenses for Connolly to go over and meet Causser was received at the New York office the morning of Oct. 16. Before noon Connolly was located, his acceptance obtained, forfeits posted and the news back in London. The difference in time enabled us at this end to learn that \$150 expense money for Connolly had been deposited by the Olympic Club with Mr. Richard K. Fox in London, and this fact being communicated to Connolly, he declared his readiness to sail at any time. Tickets for himself and his trainer, Prof. Jimmy Kelly, were purchased by the *POLICE GAZETTE* sporting editor, who, two days later, personally saw them safely embarked on the steamship St. Louis, bound for England—the quickest arrangement of an affair of the kind on record.

In the same way news and information of sporting happenings in England are cabled from England to America. An illustration of the splendid service we obtain here is given in the following cables received during the past week:

London, Oct. 24, 1906.
Fox, New York—The Olympic Club, of Birmingham, offers £500 for match between Dan Creedon and Dick O'Brien. Will allow each £50 expenses. The same club also offers £500 for match between Sammy Kelly and Pedlar Palmer, or Kelly and Billy Plimmer, or £300 for Kelly and Stanton.

To which a reply was sent that Creedon accepts, but O'Brien was matched to fight Scully Bill Quinn here on Nov. 9 and his acceptance would depend upon the result. The same cable also contained the information that Sammy Kelly would go over and fight Ernie Stanton if expenses were allowed.

London, Oct. 24.
Fox, New York—Have Walcott post \$500 with you to support challenge to Burge. Olympic Club, of Birmingham, offers purse, \$3,000, and allows Walcott \$250 expenses.

Hoyle Hodgkins, Walcott's manager, came over from Boston in response to a telegram and agreed to post the money. It was evident that overtures for a match were immediately begun, for two days later came the following:

London, Oct. 26, '06.
Fox, New York—Burge dodging. Has been promised match with winner of Lavigne-Everhardt fight. We offered post \$500 for Walcott with the *Sporting Life*, but Burge refused. Will try again.

It is further evident that another trial was made, for on Oct. 27 the following was received:

Oct. 27, 1906.
Fox, New York—Burge refuses fight Walcott. Has received letter from America advising him that latter is better than Lavigne at 142 pounds and match would mean sure defeat.

Indications that a keen rivalry for American fistic attractions between the National Sporting Club, of London, and the new Olympic Club, of Birmingham, had been begun were given in the following:

London, Oct. 24, '06.
Fox, New York—National Club trying to keep purses down, refusing pay value for desirable bouts. Olympic Club encourages American fighters to come here. Give good purses.

The Olympic Club being in a measure new, in comparison with its long established rival in London, Americans with whom the sporting editor talked were prone to ask about its responsibility and this fact communicated abroad elicited the following response:

London, Oct. 29.
Fox, New York—Will be personally responsible to the extent of \$10,000 for all matches made for the Olympic Club, of Birmingham, through the "Police Gazette."

The following cables were also received:
London, Oct. 27.
Fox, New York—Willie Smith will go to America if match can be arranged with Dixon.

London, Oct. 27.
Fox, New York—Will George Green (Young Corbett) fight Burge in Birmingham, \$2,500 purse?
In response to this Green telegraphed his acceptance from San Francisco and the arrangement of this match is now pending.

London, Oct. 27.
Fox, New York—Stanton declines Kelly. Will latter fight Plimmer or Palmer for \$2,500, purses, \$250 expenses, Olympic Club?
The reply was: Will fight Plimmer. Send signed articles and name plate.

London, Oct. 28.
Fox, New York—Olympic Club offers purse \$2,500 for Creedon and Bill Doherty, of Johannesburg.
Creedon signified his acceptance of any match made for him, and this fact was cabled abroad.

SMALL FISTIC TALK.

Fred Voigt wants to back his other protege, Charley Strong, against either Henry Baker or Dan Creedon.

Tommy West and Billy Stiff, of Chicago, are to box at a coming Kniekerbocker Athletic Club tournament in New York.

Pat Daley, of America, who is now in London, has been matched to meet Ginger Stewart in London 20 rounds this month.

Both Pedlar Palmer and Billy Plimmer have refused to accept Jimmy Barry's challenge to fight for a purse and a side bet.

Johnny Murphy, the American pugilist, with his trainer, O'Connor, sailed for New York last week on board of the St. Louis.

George Dixon has written a letter to Tom O'Rourke to the effect that he will do his training for his mill with Frank Erne at Boston.

Walcott thinks seriously of fighting the Harlem Coffee Cooler, Muldoon's Pickaninny and the rest of the colored boxers now in England.

Peter Ward, a Boston sporting man, contemplates a trip to England for the purpose of bringing a few boxers sailing under 135 pounds to this country.

Joe Gans intends to go to 'Frisco and hopes to secure a return match with Dal Hawkins, whom he met before the Bohemian Sporting Club, of New York.

The twenty-round contest between Frank Slavin and Bob Armstrong, which was to be decided at the Empire Athletic Club, of Buffalo, has been declared off.

Big fellows who under modern rules can box twenty rounds and almost split even will never be much better than middle grade second raters. A tip to the top notchers.

Lachie Thompson, the Scotch welterweight who came to this country a couple of years ago, and then was afraid to make a match, is now keeping an oyster saloon in Glasgow.

An Albany club wants Dan Creedon to meet Joe Walcott at the capital. Joe will be giving away weight, but if Creedon's late showing is his best, Joe stands an even chance at that.

Dan Creedon talks of going to the Coast, and may be matched against Alex Greggall. The Occidental Club already has permits for fights in November and December, and will try to sign Creedon.

Joe Hopkins is not satisfied with the decision in his bout with George McFadden at the Union Park Athletic Club's show in New York. Hopkins would like to meet McFadden again for either \$250 or \$500 a side.

TO TEST THE HORTON LAW.

McPartland and Butler Arrested for Alleged
Prize Fighting.

Kid McPartland, whose right name is William, and Tommy Butler, two lightweights, were held for examination by Justice Tighe in the Butler Street Police Court, Brooklyn, on Oct. 25, for engaging in an alleged prize fight.

Both men pleaded not guilty. Bail was fixed at \$500 each. T.

POINTS FOR CORRESPONDENTS

Information for the Curious Ones
Who Want To Know.

QUERIES CONCERNING SPORT

Popularity of the "Police Gazette" as
a Ready Reference for All.

DECISIONS WHICH SETTLE WAGERS.

A. G. McK., Bowling Green, O.—Two to one.

G. G., Middlebury, Vt.—Less than one round.

G. O. S., Boston, Mass.—No, their whereabouts are unknown.

E. P. L., Scranton, Pa.—Is Wm. J. Scanlon, the actor, dead?..... He is not.

A. M. Fort Schuyler.—What was the month and year that Con Rordan was killed? Nov. 19, 1894.

E. P., Anderson Ind.—Lyceum and Empire Schools of Acting, New York city; write one of them for information.

C. J. R., New York.—A bet that a full house beats a flush in poker; B says it doesn't? A wing a flush beats straight and three of a kind.

E. J. P., Minneapolis, Minn.—A bet that Corbett is taller than Fitzsimmons; B bets that he is not; which wins? Corbett, 6 feet 1 inch; Fitz, 5 feet 11 1/4 inches.

A. E. S., Remington, Ind.—Am a reader of your paper and have often read in it of Mr. Curtis in connection with strong men. Will you kindly give me his address? Will Mr. Curtis oblige with his address?

D. B. W., Wilkesbarre, Pa.—A and B each have a royal flush; A has the ace of diamonds in his and B the ace of spades; which wins? Both are equal. No suit is more valuable than the other. Divide the pot.

M. J., Guttenberg, N. J.—A bets B that any boy born in this country with foreign parents and his father has never become a naturalized citizen that the boy is entitled to vote at a national election when he becomes 21 years of age without any papers; B claims that he must secure a paper from some judge or court? Any male person born in America is eligible to vote without papers.

O. H. J., Atlanta, Ga.—If a man bets that a horse has paced a full mile out in less than two minutes, does he win according to the *World Almanac* which says Flying Jib paced in 1.58 1/2 with running mate and how was he paced? Was the running mate hitched in harness, and if so how would you decide the bet? Yes, Flying Jib paced the mile in the time specified with running mate hitched to the same wagon. Would decide that the first man won the bet.

GOSSIP OF THE RING.

Kid McPartland and Billy Selfridge were matched at the *POLICE GAZETTE* office to box at the Union Park A. C. on Nov. 9.

Kid McPartland has posted \$500 with the "Police Gazette" to support a challenge to fight Kid Lavigne at 135 pounds.

A match has been arranged between Danny Needham and Tom Tracey. The affair will be decided at San Francisco this month.

Peter Maher has begun active training for his meeting with Joe Choyinski. The Irish heavyweight is quartered at Sheephead Bay.

Frank Slavin and Bob Armstrong, Parson Davies' colored protege, were matched at the *POLICE GAZETTE* office to box at the Union Park A. C. on Nov. 23.

Peter Maher and Joe Choyinski have each deposited \$500 forfeit with the *POLICE GAZETTE* in their match, which takes place at the Broadway A. C. on Nov. 16.

George Corfield has challenged Johnny Murphy to fight him for £100 or £250 a side at 114 pounds, give or take two pounds to box six weeks from the signing of articles.

Young Bisto, of Providence, and Patsy Haley, of Buffalo, will furnish the preliminary bout to the Maher and Choyinski affair. The match was made at the *POLICE GAZETTE* office.

Tommy White called at the "Police Gazette" office and authorized a challenge to fight the winner of the Solly Smith-Willie Smith fight, which takes place in London on Nov. 9.

Jimmy Barry for the past few weeks has been recuperating at Mt. Clemens, and he claims that the rheumatism has entirely left him. Barry will assist Joe Choyinski to train for his contest with Peter Maher.

"Tarantula" Bill Smith, of Texas, has left for home. Smith says that the climate here does not agree with him, and under more favorable circumstances he would have done better in his fight with Tommy West.

Friends of Walter Johnson, the colored heavyweight, are elated over his fine showing against Steve O'Donnell, whom he met lately. Johnson thinks that he can whip O'Donnell and wants a chance to face him.

Jimmy Anthony, the Australian bantam champion, is now filling a responsible position at the Ingleside race track at San Francisco. He stands ready to box Casper Leon or any Eastern boxer at 115 pounds at the ring side.

Spike Sullivan is back from Boston and will meet either Jack Downey or George McFadden before a Brooklyn club after election. Spike is also willing to meet Martin Flaherty, who boxed a draw with Johnny Gorman at Hartford.

Charley McKeever, the Philadelphia lightweight, who was the first American boxer to subdue Arthur Valentine of England, has challenged Kid Lavigne. McKeever thinks he is entitled to first chance. He will fight at 135 pounds.

Sam Fitzpatrick, who will manage the clever Australian, Jim Ryan, on his arrival here, wishes to match the Colonial against Dick O'Brien at 154 pounds, and will stake \$1,000 on the issue. Johnny White, O'Brien's manager, has been notified.

The match between Tom Causser, of England, and Eddie Connolly, of Boston, has been clinched. Articles of agreement have been signed through the *POLICE GAZETTE* and the affair will come off before the Olympic Club of Birmingham on Nov. 24.

The London "Sporting Life" is authority for the information that Billy Plimmer, after a very glorious career in the ring, has decided to retire. Plimmer has seen his best days, and his course will be sadly deplored, because he was very well liked in America.

At a reception at San Francisco Tom Sharkey received a handsome gold-headed cane from his old comrades of the cruiser Philadelphia. After the affair Sharkey said he would never fight a colored man, but was always ready to meet any white heavyweight.

It is said that Dan Stuart has already made up his mind to bid for the Corbett-Fitzsimmons contest. It is also reported that he will not offer more than \$15,000. Stuart is at present in 'Frisco looking up an accessible site to pull the nail off. He may return to New York within a fortnight.

Joe Gans, the colored featherweight boxer of Baltimore, and Jerry Marshall, also colored, of Pittsburgh, have been matched to meet in a 20-round contest at the Eureka A. C. of Baltimore, some time next month. They will meet at 128 pounds, weigh in at 5 o'clock on the day of the contest.

Johnny Gorman, the West Side boxer, has refused to meet Tommy West at the Union Park A. C. show on Nov. 9, and Jack Hermann, matchmaker for the club, is trying to hunt up a good pair of featherweights to meet instead. This is the second time Gorman has backed out of meeting West.

The English sporting public will soon have an opportunity to see Sammy Kelly in a bout with his pet, Pedlar Palmer. According to advices received from London a match between Palmer and Kelly or Ernie Stanton and Kelly has been practically arranged. Kelly expects to start for the other side within ten days.

Tom Sharkey is rapidly learning the rudiments of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons game, as this letter shows: "I (Sharkey) never felt better. I am here in San Francisco waiting to hear from that big dog, Jim Corbett. I am feeling more and more every day that he is afraid to meet me, and is not man enough to say so, but wants to sneak around and fight Fitzsimmons on paper. I can't tell what'll do about it. Something may happen."

Chief of Police Badenoch, of Chicago, admits that his detectives had thus far been unable to get any evidence against the persons who participated in the affair at the Chicago A. C. He said: "From what I have learned I am inclined to believe that it was nothing but an ordinary boxing contest. If I am able to get evidence that it was a real prize fight I will arrest the principals and everybody who was in any way connected with the affair."

Prof. Mike Donovan, boxing instructor of the New York Athletic Club, and Jim Mac, the old English champion, will, in all probability meet at the Broadway Athletic Club. The negotiations for the sparring exhibition between these two men have been pending for some time. The final details now remain with Mac. Donovan and Mac are probably the cleverest exponents of the art of self-defense in this country or England, and a meeting between them would be of unusual interest.

The fifteen-round contest between Martin Flaherty, of Lowell, and Johnny Gorman, of Long Island, which was pulled off before the Nutmeg A. C., at Hartford, Conn., on October 26, ended in Referee Sam Austin, of the *POLICE GAZETTE*, declaring it a draw. The men fought evenly throughout, both men fighting for a knock-out. In the fourth round Gorman cut Flaherty's eye, which bothered him considerably during the remaining rounds. Gorman slipped down in the seventh round, but was up quickly, and resorted to wrestling. In the preliminary go Austin Rice, of New London, was given the decision over Sammy Meyers, of New York city, after exchanging lefts and rights for ten rounds.

SULLIVAN MAY LOSE AN ARM.

A Cancerous Growth on the Hand May Necessitate an Operation.

From Boston come the news that there is grave reason to fear that John L. Sullivan's good right arm will soon be cut off by the surgeon's knife. The hand which enabled him to hold the championship of the world for twelve years; that laid prostrate many a foe; that has brought him fortunes in money, and was the mainstay of his career, has been attacked by a cancer.

The cancer itself has been cut out by Dr. Galvin, of the Emergency Hospital, but the danger is still imminent. The cancer has only recently begun to worry the pugilist. It was on the back of the hand, near the wrist, and as soon as Dr. Galvin saw it he knew its malignant character. He advised two things—first that the cancer be cut out, and second that Sullivan abandon his libidinous habits. The first was done, and it is said the second also.

The big fellow is thoroughly frightened, and is doing what he is ordered without question. Sullivan was deeply impressed when warned that he must give up liquor in order to save the arm and perhaps his life. He realizes his danger, and declares his intention of living temperately in all ways.

His fears have not worn off, and he sticks to his place. He is able to go about as he pleases and finds his chief solace in cigars. The bandaged hand is an object of curiosity to all the "big fellows" acquaintances.

JAS. J. BROUGH.

(WITH PORTRAIT.)

Over a year ago Mr. Jas. J. Brough, as a relaxation from business which engaged his attention to the detriment of his health, left his home in Manchester with the avowed intention of riding around the world, or as much of it as possible, on a bicycle. He called at the *POLICE GAZETTE* office before leaving and the fact that he called again only a few weeks ago with a budget of adventurous tales, signed documents and newspaper endorsements from every part of the civilized world bears eloquent testimony to the fact that he accomplished his mission. He was arrested several times en route by overzealous officials who were inclined to dispute his passport rights; single handed he saved the life of the captain of the ship in which he was a passenger against a crew frenzied with malicious intentions; was attacked by a mob in one of the cities of China and forced to defend himself with a revolver. Had numerous adventures in the jungles of Africa, the recital of which is enough to excite the feeling of horror. Altogether Mr. Brough had a very exciting time for what was intended to be a pleasure trip.

SPORTING AUTHORITIES.

"Lockers' Guide," "Dog Pit," "New Police Gazette Bartender's Guide," "Card Players' Book of Rules," "Police Gazette Sporting Annual," all thoroughly illustrated. Price 25 cents each. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York. 149 Fleet street, London, E. C.



Jas. J. Brough, Successful Around-the-World Cycle Tourist.

F. Wogan, of 671 Second Avenue, president of the South Brooklyn Athletic Club, furnished the bonds.

The charge was made by Detective Rorke, of the Fourth avenue station.

The South Brooklyn Athletic Club held a boxing exhibition on the night previous at its club house at Sixty-fifth street and Third Avenue, Brooklyn. About 1,500 people were present.

There were two preliminary ten-round bouts between Fred Mayo and Jim Tully and Con Dugan and Sam Bolan. Police Captain Kenny and a squad of men were present. The preliminary rounds were allowed to go unmonitored.

The star bout was then put on and McPartland and Butler took their corners, each weighing about 135 pounds. "Sparrow" Robertson was the referee.

The first of the stipulated twenty rounds ended with McPartland an easy winner, barring accident. The sports sized Butler up for a quick loser.

The second round finished him. After being hammered with hardly any defense, Butler went down. Robertson gave the bout to McPartland. Butler says he was not knocked out.

As the spectators were leaving the building, Captain Kenny placed McPartland and Butler under arrest. They were taken to the station, where bail was given by Wogan.

The club people claim that under the Horton law the arrest was unjust. They say that they hold the lease of the clubhouse for more than a year and that the building is not used for any other than athletic purposes.

They claim that the boxers were engaged to give an exhibition for the entertainment of the members of the club and its friends. McPartland and Butler chatted together in the court room while waiting for their case to be called. Neither of the men looked any the worse for wear.

Mike Leonard and Owen Zeigler, the lightweight boxer of Philadelphia, who recently re-entered the ring, were matched last week by a well-known sporting man of Trenton, N. J., to box ten rounds at 135 pounds. The contest will be pulled off in the Trenton Athletic Club in a few weeks.

Kid McCoy, who was taken ill in Johannesburg, South Africa, just on the eve of his battle with Bill Dougherty, writes from South Africa that he will sail for America on Nov. 4 ready to fight any middleweight for \$1,000 a side. McCoy thinks he will recover his health sufficiently by taking a long ocean trip.

READ THE WORLD FAMOUS

POLICE GAZETTE. The only reliable sporting authority. Recognized the world over. Every barber shop, saloon and hotel should keep it on file. \$1.00 pays for 13 weeks. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York. 149 Fleet street, London, E. C.

EXTRA!

LAVIGNE WINS A STUBBORN BATTLE FROM EVERHARDT

They Fought for the Lightweight Championship of the World
Before the Bohemian Sporting Club, New York.

REFEREE KELLY INTERFERES TO PREVENT A KNOCKOUT

Defeated Man Shows Great Recuperative Powers and Both are Punched Severely
During the Engagement.

A SPLENDID ARRAY OF SPORTING NOTABLES AT THE RINGSIDE.

Kid Lavigne's second victory over Jack Everhardt, of New Orleans, emphasizes the fact that he is—barring nobody—the best lightweight fighter the world of pugilism has ever known. He has met and conquered every aspirant to his title who has had temerity enough to oppose him, including Joe Walcott and Dick Burge, and out of each engagement he has come with colors flying. When he fought Everhardt at Coney Island on May 30, 1935, he was not a seasoned, educated exponent of the fist art, as we understand the term, and his victory was only of a nominal character, in view of the splendid, aggressive fight that the Southerner made in the final rounds. There were many critics among the spectators then who believed a draw would have been a good decision, but the fact remains that Lavigne was awarded the honors, and Everhardt's only consolation lay in the promise made him by Lavigne at the time that he would give him another chance at a future date to redeem himself.

The chance came when the Bohemian Sporting Club, of New York, through the POLICE GAZETTE, offered Lavigne, who was then in England, resting after his memorable fight with Dick Burge, a purse of \$5,500 for a 25-round bout. This was made at Everhardt's solicitation, and the match was practically arranged by cable, although articles were not signed until Lavigne returned to America.

No match arranged in recent years has attracted so much attention among the followers of fist art, and it is therefore not to be wondered at that the spectators included everybody of prominence in local sporting affairs. Among them were horse owners whose names are known all over the world, bookmakers and race-track habitués, athletic club patrons, yachtsmen of prominence, some distinguished jockeys in evening dress, and a few ordinary citizens, some of whom stand high in the professions, while others hold leading places in the commercial world. Names are not given, because the club is of a semi-private character. Police Commissioner Andrews and Inspector Harley were among the most distinguished guests. They were present to see that the Horton law was complied with.

The Bohemian Sporting Club, according to the aims and purposes of its projector, C. Henry Gensinger, is a very select institution—in fact an American counterpart of the famous National Sporting Club of London. Following the example of the last named organization, Mr. Gensinger determined to give New Yorkers "something new in boxing" as he said. It is scarcely correct to say that he introduced them to something new in boxing, as the sparring was of the same old hammer and push affair. But there was something new in the method of conducting it. The ushers wore dress suits—the regulation hammer-tail. Here and there among the spectators also there was an odd dress suit and a more than one member of New York's first families appeared in his parade togs.

There was something new in the price charged. There are about 650 seats in the house. Of those at least 600 were occupied when Lavigne and Everhardt, the stars of the evening, appeared in the ring. No one of the noble 600 who gazed upon them was admitted for less than \$10, and some of them paid \$50 for a seat.

The great army of deadheads whose faces have been the open scene to every fistic affair held in the metropolis since the days of O'Connell and Harry Hill, found the doors closed against them "without the price." One member when asked what chance there was of getting in replied, in truth, "not as much as I'd have of breaking into the United States treasury with a jimmy."

Of the fight the least that can be said is that it was one of the fiercest and most determined struggles ever seen in a ring. It was not a sensational affair in any respect. There was plenty of hard punching, careful deliveries, quick countering and all the other features of a clever, scientific contest, with a noticeable absence of the brutal incidents which brought prize fighting into disrepute. Not a drop of blood was shed during the entire engagement, and not a knockdown, although it was obvious to all that had not referee "Honest John" Kelly caught Everhardt in his arms after Lavigne had given him the fatal punch in the twenty-fourth round, which practically ended the battle, the Southerner would have gone to the carpet. At this eventful period of the affair it was apparent to everybody that the latter had no chance to win. He had fought a splendid defensive fight and had for the second time proved his marvelous capacity for taking punishment, but in Lavigne he was up against superior odds, and although he was not knocked out and insisted upon being allowed to proceed, the referee sent him to his corner and gave his decision in Lavigne's favor.

Lavigne's appearance after the go was evidence enough that he had been in something more exciting than golf or lawn tennis. Two badly blackened and swollen eyes, a nose that bore every resemblance to a ripe peach, lips puffed and split, and an ear that looked like a cauliflower out of work, bore eloquent testimony to Everhardt's accomplishments as a puncher.

The aggressive character of Lavigne's work was mainly responsible for Everhardt's defeat. From the outset the Saginaw lad forced the issue, and but for his wonderful endurance and recuperative power would have so materially have weakened himself as to be an easy victim for his opponent in the closing rounds. There was not an uneventful moment in the whole encounter. It was bluff, bang, straight leads, counters, swings and uppercuts enough to satisfy the most exacting and fastidious patron of the game. Lavigne displayed little if any of the cleverness which marked his last memorable engagement in this country, with Joe Walcott. He went in for slugging more than his wit, intending to annihilate his antagonist in short order. He fought almost entirely at the body, occasionally varying the monotony by leading straight at the head or swinging for the point of the jaw. He landed any number of the latter but they never phased the game Southerner, who always returned to the issue with a smile of confidence upon his face. The latter, on the other hand, did absolutely all of his fighting at the head. He used his left hand rapidly and to good purpose in the exchanges. At no time, however, was Lavigne in danger of losing the fight, and Referee Kelly deserves to be complimented for the judgment he displayed in stopping the affair when he did.

It was 10:22 o'clock when the stars appeared in the ring. Lavigne was accompanied by his seconds, Sam Fitzpatrick, Paddy Gorman and Sammy Kelly. Everhardt was escorted by Charley White and Harry Black.

Many betting men were gathered about the ringside, and many

good-sized wagers were recorded. The biggest was \$5,000 to \$2,500, with Lavigne the favorite. In fact, among all the betting men Lavigne was a 1 to 2 favorite. Comparatively few wagers were made on the result, a majority being on the duration of the contest. Several wagers at even money were made that the contest would not last ten rounds and that Lavigne would be the winner.

As they sat in their corners they seemed to be trained to the hour. Each had tipped the scales slightly under the stipulated 136 pounds. Neither man carried a superfluous ounce of flesh. Everhardt particularly looked well. His face shone with health and his eyes gleamed brightly as he vigorously chewed gum before the tap of the bell. His unassuming and easy manner was in marked contrast with the appearance of Lavigne, whose face was drawn, pale and prematurely aged from constant training, and whose glance shot nervously around the house. It was plain that the Kid, like a mettlesome horse, hungered for the issue and chafed at the delay. Each man, as his name was announced, received hearty applause. Everhardt seemed to have more partisans in the house, and he acknowledged their tribute with a gratified smile. As the men came together at the signal a stranger would have said that Everhardt was the more confident. His face was lit with a broad careless smile, while Lavigne had the wrinkles in his forehead and the troubled look of a man who is about to study an intricate problem. It is Lavigne's habitual expression in the ring, and very rarely great, dogged and conscientious fighter wears it. Everhardt was at least two inches taller than his antagonist, and his loose-jointed, rather ungainly body made him look heavier than the short, compact but powerful champion. Lavigne was by far the better muscled, the slowness of his forearm standing out like stripes of rawhide.

After the usual warning by the referee both men shaped for the encounter. A strained silence fell on the crowded arena as they fiddled for an opening, Lavigne thoughtfully taking ground and with his small eyes shifting with spider-like quickness from the floor to the other's face, measuring his man. Lavigne was evidently the artistic and thorough workman who was not going to waste any time in guessing at Everhardt's style of fighting. Jack, on the other hand, was alertly on the defensive, ready to back away at the first onslaught and resolved to take no chances. It came quickly. Lavigne sprang at him quickly and let go a swinging left-hand punch on the stomach. Everhardt countered on the ribs, and there were some sharp exchanges until the end of the round, Lavigne giving his attention to the stomach and the short ribs, and Everhardt using his left on the face. Lavigne had the best of the round, his drives, swings, hooks and punches being terrific in their force. As the round ended the question was on everybody's lips, "How long will Everhardt stand it?" For the next six rounds Lavigne rushed his man furiously, giving him not a moment's rest, and tangling with right and left like an animated battering ram. Many of his blows landed on the back of Everhardt's neck at the base of the brain. They would have dazed any fighter but the iron-nerved Southerner, whose smile grew less pronounced with every onslaught. But if Lavigne was eager to come on, Jack was willing to meet him and to give as well as to take. His favorite blow was a straight left on the face, but although it was raising a ridge of puffed flesh over Lavigne's left eye, it did not seem to disturb the Saginaw expert, who was terribly in earnest and would not be denied. It was now seen that Everhardt's left was more of a jab than a stiff punch. Lavigne could stand it all night, and Everhardt's only chance to win was to cross with his right, but the Kid was much too clever for that. At the end of seven rounds Lavigne gave up the task of finishing Jack in short order and Everhardt grinned knowingly. The fighting was still fast and furious. Nothing like it had been seen about New York for a long time except Lavigne's bout with Walcott at Maspeth, but even that encounter was not so notable for hot and heavy exchanges. What made them exceptionally interesting was the fairness and good nature with which the men fought. When Everhardt happened to land on Lavigne with his right, which was seldom, the Kid's sober face would break into an appreciative smile, and once when Lavigne swung as the bell sounded he stopped to shake Everhardt's hand apologetically before going to his corner.

The rounds from the twelfth to the eighteenth were the best of the evening, Everhardt waking up, with the aid of a little stimulant, and mixing it up vigorously with his partisans began to think he might yet wear Lavigne out. By this time the Kid's left eye was nearly closed, but his right was as keen and as fast as ever. The body blows which Everhardt received in the fighting turned his sides from a marble whiteness to an angry scarlet. They could be heard all over the house with thuds that made strong men shiver. In the fourteenth and seventeenth rounds Everhardt held his own. The Southerner's face showed few signs of punishment, his nose only being a little swollen.

After the seventeenth round Everhardt began to go to his corner on legs that wobbled. He was very tired, but the smile never left his face, although it was getting colder and sicker with every round. He drank from a small black bottle too frequently to please his backers. Still everybody thought he would be able to stay the route, for he was availing himself of every chance to save his strength by leaning up against Lavigne in the clinches. Honest John Kelly, the referee, gave Everhardt a warning glance every time he tore the men apart. The fight was over so far as a decision was concerned, but Jack was straining his ebbing nerve to keep on his pins to the end.

It came in the twenty-fourth round. Lavigne started in to finish Jack, and his blows fell on Everhardt like the hail of a Gatling gun. The reserve force of the Saginaw lad was phenomenal, considering that he had been rushing his man for more than an hour, with brief intervals for breathing spells between rounds. A right on the jaw, smashing lefts on the neck and wicked punches on the side and back of the head sent Everhardt against the ropes, dazed, haggard and helpless. At this point Honest John Kelly stopped the bout, and the decision was given to Lavigne amid tremendous cheering. There

was no knock-out, and the exhibition was so free from brutality, and at the same time so scientific and fair, that it must have appeared to be entirely unobjectionable to Police Commissioner Andrews and Inspector Harley, who were fortunate enough to witness it. In conclusion, it may be said that no man of his weight can hope to beat Lavigne, unless he has a sledge-hammer left to stop the Saginaw boy's rushes.

The fight by rounds:

Round 1—There was some sparring at the opening. Lavigne led, fell short and was countered. He led again, landed and there was a sharp rally. Lavigne pushed his left into the body and there was a clinch. When they came together again Lavigne planted a hot right on the body. Lavigne landed a left on the body, but received a terrific right-hand counter on the jaw. Everhardt led and landed a left on the body. Silence prevailed throughout the round, but there was loud applause at the end.

Round 2—Lavigne opened with a light left on the face and they clinched. Fast two-handed fighting in which honors were about even followed. Everhardt led, fell short and was uppercut. Lavigne swung his left to the jaw, then swung again and missed. Then Lavigne put a vicious left into his opponent's mouth, drawing first blood. Everhardt led and landed on Lavigne's face. They were sparring when the gong sounded.

Round 3—Lavigne opened with a rush, planting two vicious lefts on the body and the other in the face. The blows staggered Everhardt, but he came back strongly and gamely. He led and landed a left on the body. In a twinkling Lavigne planted a heavy straight left in the face and a right on the body. Lavigne led, but as he came Everhardt met him with a straight left on the body. There was an exchange of counters and Lavigne rushed his man to the ropes, but did no damage. The fighting so far was hard and fast.

Round 4—Lavigne landed right and left on the body at the outset, backed away and came back with a rush and a rally of body blows. Lavigne led, but as he came Everhardt met him with a straight right that staggered him. Everhardt led and Lavigne met him with a terrific right that tore along his jaw and came close to putting him out of the business. Twice he repeated this operation, and at the close Everhardt was in a bad way.

Round 5—There was an exchange of lefts, and Lavigne shot out a straight left, but Everhardt cleverly ducked out of the way, and Lavigne returned with a straight left in the face. He came back with another and planted it in the same place, and then he came with a left swing on the body and a right on the face. Both were vicious blows, but Everhardt seemed as impervious to them almost as the window pane is to the rain. Lavigne caught his man a stinging right uppercut on the point of the jaw that came very close to doing the business. He planted a left on the same place, and had all the better of it at the close.

Round 6—Right at the start the fighting was of a desultory order, but Lavigne quickened it with a smashing left in the face. A moment later he shot a right swing over. The blow caught Everhardt on the face and sent him reeling across the ring. With right and left Lavigne fought his man to the close, and fought him hard, but Everhardt took his punishment gamely and was smiling at the end.

Round 7—At the opening they sparred away like kittens at play. Then, coming together with a rush, they fought each other like demons. There was a brace of mix-ups, in which both landed. Lavigne twice sent his left to the jaw, staggering his man each time. Everhardt brushed Lavigne with a right on the jaw, which Lavigne more than repaid with a right over the heart. The blow was swift, straight and powerful, and it would have felled an ox. Everhardt winced, then smiled, and the round was over.

Round 8—Lavigne struck the first good blow of the round, a left on the jaw. Everhardt led and was short, Lavigne planted three lefts in quick succession into face and body. A smashing left dazed Everhardt, but only for an infinitesimal fraction of time. Lavigne landed a hot right over the heart at the close of the round. At this stage Everhardt's body looked like a piece of raw beef.

Round 9—Lavigne led for the body and was countered in the face. Everhardt swung a smashing left into Lavigne's face, and came back with a left and right. Lavigne led, Everhardt ducked, and Lavigne caught him with a terrific right uppercut that knocked him down almost.

Round 10—Everhardt sent his left to Lavigne's face, ducked out of the way of a vicious right, but was not quick enough to escape a heavy right and left on the body. Lavigne planted two lefts on the face. Then Everhardt crossed him with a right that lifted him off his feet almost. Lavigne came back, and, fighting like a demon, had his man in a bad way when the gong sounded.

Round 11—When the men came up for this round there was no betting except as to how long Everhardt would stay. He came back with the strength of a giant, however, and began to fight fast and furiously. There were two or three sharp rallies. Then Lavigne came in with a hot left on the jaw, and Everhardt clinched to avoid punishment. Twice he did this, but continued to fight game and strong to the end.

Round 12—Lavigne led with his left and was countered sharply when he led again. He planted his left on the face, and got away without a return. There was a sharp rally, in which each landed a right and left. Lavigne landed a left in the face, pushed a trio of the same kind into the body, caught Everhardt with a wicked right as he came in, and fought him until he clinched to save himself from punishment. Both men were in good condition when the gong sounded.

Round 13—Lavigne's opening was a left on his opponent's face. Then, pursuing his old tactics, he punched his man with right and left to the close. Although seeming to be on the verge of collapse many times, Everhardt always came back strong.

Round 14—Lavigne continued his old right and left style about a minute after the opening of the round. They came together in a rally, and Everhardt fought his man to the ropes amid the applause of the crowd. Two rallies more followed. Everhardt had the better of both. The round was his, and the applause of the crowd followed him to his corner.

Round 15—Everhardt opened, but his left went sailing harmlessly over Lavigne's head. Lavigne landed a left. Everhardt caught him with a right and left, and what looked like a forlorn hope began to take on the guise of a possible victory. Everhardt was not only holding his own, but getting the better of it. One of his rights put Lavigne's left eye in bad condition, and when the round closed his friends were more confident than at any previous stage of the contest.

Round 16—The opening blow was a dazzler to Lavigne's admirers. It was a left, and it found a resting place on Lavigne's jaw, making Sam Fitzpatrick look nervous. Everhardt broke away, came back with a swinging right, missed it, tried again and landed, but the blow was too high or Lavigne would have gone out of business then and there. Lavigne led and fell short, Everhardt getting in a stinging right on the mouth.

Round 17—There was a hot rally at the opening and Everhardt had the better of it, his paring blow being a right half swing on the jaw. When they came together again each put a left on the other's face. Lavigne got in a right swing and a straight left swing twice and the round ended.

Round 18—There was a rattling exchange at the opening. Everhardt led, but Lavigne's right shot across, and not only made him hesitate, but sent him reeling backward. Lavigne had all the better of the round, but Everhardt really was in better condition and stronger at the close.

Round 19—When they came up for this round Everhardt's body, from his waist to his jaw, had a raw looking appearance, and Lavigne's left eye looked as though it was in mourning for some near and dear relations. Otherwise both were strong and in good condition. Lavigne fought fast and hard throughout the round and had the better of it.

Round 20—Lefts were exchanged at the opening. Everhardt led, but was short. Both countered. A rattling bit of fighting, in which rights and lefts were used with the greatest of freedom, followed. Lavigne crossed with a heavy right, which Everhardt repaid in a twinkling with a pill of the same kind. Lavigne was rushing his man when the gong sounded.

Round 21—Everhardt landed three lefts right off the reel. There was a rally and an exchange of lefts. The fighting was hot to the end, both men standing to their work like gamecocks. Lavigne had a little the better of the round.

Round 22—Lefts were exchanged right at the start. Everhardt led and missed. Lavigne put in right and left, and there was a clinch. Then Lavigne put in three straight lefts, and followed with a right and left. Then he crossed Everhardt viciously with his right. Everhardt reeled like a drunken man, and the crowd cried: "He's going." But no; up he came again. Again he

was crossed by that vicious right. Again he reeled, and again he came back fighting strong to the close.

Round 23—Everhardt opened with a left uppercut, but it did not do much harm. A series of rallies followed. Lavigne hooked his man on the jaw and Everhardt spun around like a top. He steadied in a moment, however, and at it they went. Just as the gong sounded Lavigne's right crossed to Everhardt's jaw and the latter clinched to save himself.

Round 24—There was an exchange of lefts, which was repeated thrice, both fighting desperately. Then Lavigne took the lead with a right cross that drove the smile from Everhardt's lips and made him just a bit groggy. Lavigne went at his man like a whirlwind, smashing in rights and lefts with amazing force and quickness. One minute and fifty-three seconds after the opening of the round he caught Everhardt with a terrific right swing. As the latter reeled away from the force of the blow "Honest John" Kelly, the referee, caught him in his arms and assisted him to his corner. That settled the contest. Lavigne was declared to be the winner amid the cheers of the crowd.

Both men were visited by the POLICE GAZETTE representative in their dressing-rooms after the fight. Lavigne was badly punched about the head and face. His two eyes were blackened and swollen, showing conclusively that Everhardt's frequent visitations with the left hand did plenty of damage. He was punched very little about the body, but complained of being stiff and sore from exertion in forcing the issue.

"By gosh," said Lavigne, who never swears, by the way of emphasis, "he's the toughest game I ever went against in my life, I thought he'd be there at the end and when I pulled off my sweater I realized I was in for a good hiding and that I wasn't going to play golf. My, but didn't he work that left well, I didn't think a man could improve as much as he did since I fought him at Coney Island. I kind of feel that I've improved a bit myself to beat him. Two or three times he landed them stiff, short-arm jolts with the left, good and hard on my jaw, and if he'd known how I was dazed he wouldn't have had much trouble to go in and do the trick."

"And can't he take a wallop, too, the gamest I ever saw," and by way of a parting confidence Lavigne whispered in the writer's ear, "And I don't want any more of him, either. There's a lot of big fellows easier than him laying around loose."

Tears flowed from Everhardt's eyes as he recounted the details of the battle as he remembered them. He must have been suffering excruciating pain, for his body was all bruised and cut, but his face bore no tell-tale marks of the fracas. He looked at his hands as he said: "I don't understand it. I thought I was winning all right, and believe Mr. Kelly did wrong to stop it at the time he did. The punch I got only staggered me for an instant and I was ready to go on. I was far from being knocked out, I was on my feet, fighting hard, both hands good, was strong and full of ginger and know that I had enough in me to have gone the limit. I had my heart set on winning that fight, but it wasn't to be, and there you are."

In the preliminary bouts Jack Delaney, of New York, outpointed Jack Burge, of Mount Vernon, and Dave Wall, of Ireland, won from Jack Reidy, of the east side, in a hammer-and-tongs mix-up.

BILLY ERNST THE VICTOR

He Defeats Leslie Pearce in the Fifth Round at the Broadway A. C.

About 2,000 persons saw some excellent boxing at the Broadway Athletic Club last Friday night. The principal event was won in the fifth round by Billy Ernst, of Brooklyn. Sam Austin, sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE, was the referee. Fred Flock was the timekeeper, and C. J. Harvey the master of ceremonies.

The first battle was one of ten rounds at catch weights between two colored "professors" of the mainly art, James Desverney, of New York city, and Andy Watson, of Boston. After they had boxed a couple of rounds it was apparent that Watson knew little or nothing about the game, while Desverney was even less proficient. They just hammered away, regardless of science.

Up to the eighth round Desverney had the better of the argument, for he punched the Boston man on the jaw repeatedly with his left. Then Watson began rushing and slugging tactics, and in the ninth round he fought Desverney to a standstill. The last round was a hot one, but Desverney got in the greater number of blows and recovered the verdict.

The local celebrities Sammy Kelly and Dolly Lyons came next in a 12-round go at 118 pounds. Lyons assumed the defensive for four rounds, but in the fifth he landed a number of stiff lefts on Kelly's face, much to the latter's surprise. Kelly did not fight with his accustomed skill and celerity until the sixth, when he got in several hard body blows and also punched Dolly's nose with a series of straight lefts. Kelly quickened the pace in the seventh and had the round, although Lyons countered strongly, and mixed things up without faltering. The eighth round was all in Kelly's favor, Lyons being at one time staggered with a couple of swings on the jaw and a body punch. Lyons's nose began to bleed in the ninth round, as a result of Kelly's stiff lefts, and in the tenth the bell came to Dolly's rescue, just as Sammy was about to put on the finishing touches. Kelly made a punching bag of his opponent in the last two rounds, and won.

The event of the evening was a fifteen-round battle at 135 pounds between Billy Ernst, of Brooklyn, and Leslie Pearce, of Philadelphia. Ernst began rushing tactics at the sound of the bell, but his blows for the first half of the round were very wild. Then Pearce mixed it up, and both landed some telling whacks on the head and neck. Ernst tried in vain to land his terrible right in the second round, but he found that Pearce could swing a bit, too, and also had something of a defense. Ernst rushed in the third and with half a dozen swings on the jaw he had Pearce in trouble. But the latter rallied and staggered the Brooklynite with two hard ones on the neck. Pearce, however, was as tired when the bell rang that he reeled toward his chair. Pearce was cleanly knocked down in the fourth round, but he got up and managed to stay on his feet until time was up, although he was very groggy. In the fifth round Ernst sailed in to win, and with a couple of heavy swings on the jaw he sent Pearce to the floor. Before a knock-out could be scored, the referee stopped the bout and declared Ernst the victor.

FISTIC NOTES.

The North Hudson Athletic Club furnished two nights of lively boxing at Frick's Casino, West Hoboken, N. J., and entertained a large audience. The organization completed its tournament for amateurs, and before deciding the winners some of the hardest fighting witnessed in North Hudson was presented by the principals in the different classes. The lucky men, and those whom they defeated, were: 110 pounds, boxing—Final bout: H. Mannerfeld, Pastime A. C., defeated Tom Harmon, Nonpareil A. C. 120 pounds, boxing—Final bout: Jas. Quinn, New West Side A. C., defeated his clubmate, William Fair. 130 pounds, boxing—Final bout: Jack Burns, New West Side A. C., defeated his clubmate, Jack Mulford. 118 pounds, wrestling—Final bout: Edward Harris, St. George A. C., defeated Max Brennan, Clipper A. C. 135 pounds, wrestling—Final bout: G. Bothner, Pastime A. C., defeated J. L. Cluney, Clifford A. C.

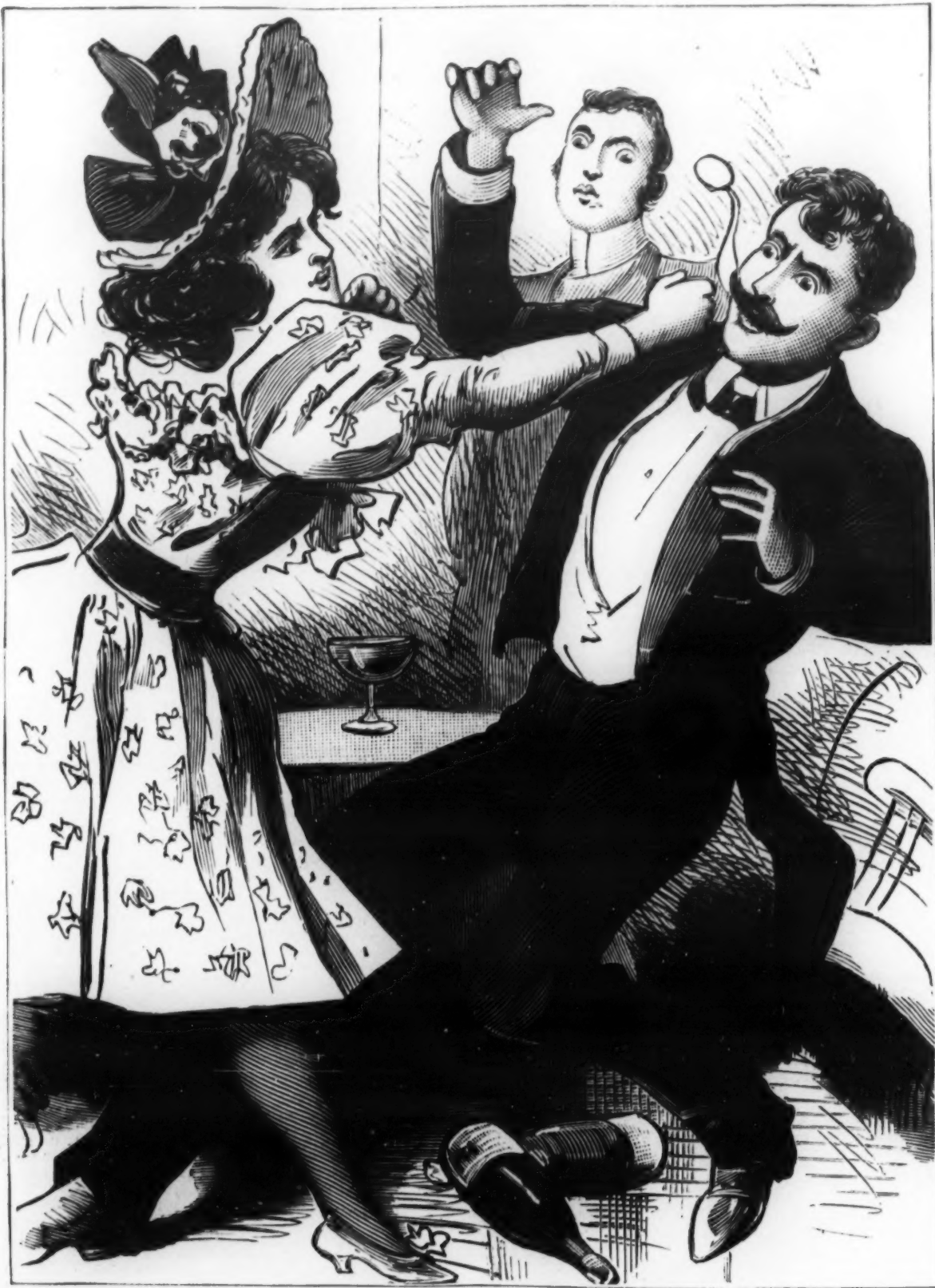
All the prominent boxers of the country deem themselves fortunate if they are given an opportunity to appear before the Empire A. C., of Buffalo. Daily its management receives scores of letters from all sections of the country, asking for an engagement. Charlie Strong is very anxious to have the chance to go against either Henry Baker, of Chicago, or Dan Creedon, of Australia. If neither of these cares to tackle his game, he would not object to taking on Frank Slavin. The latter visited Butler as easily as Strong did. Concerning a possible meeting between Strong and Slavin, the manager of the former says: "I think the Empire A. C. would have in it a bout that would attract people, not only from Buffalo, but other cities. Many New Yorkers would go to Buffalo if Strong was put up against a man who could take a punching and fight him back. Slavin is such a man and the club would have a fine match."

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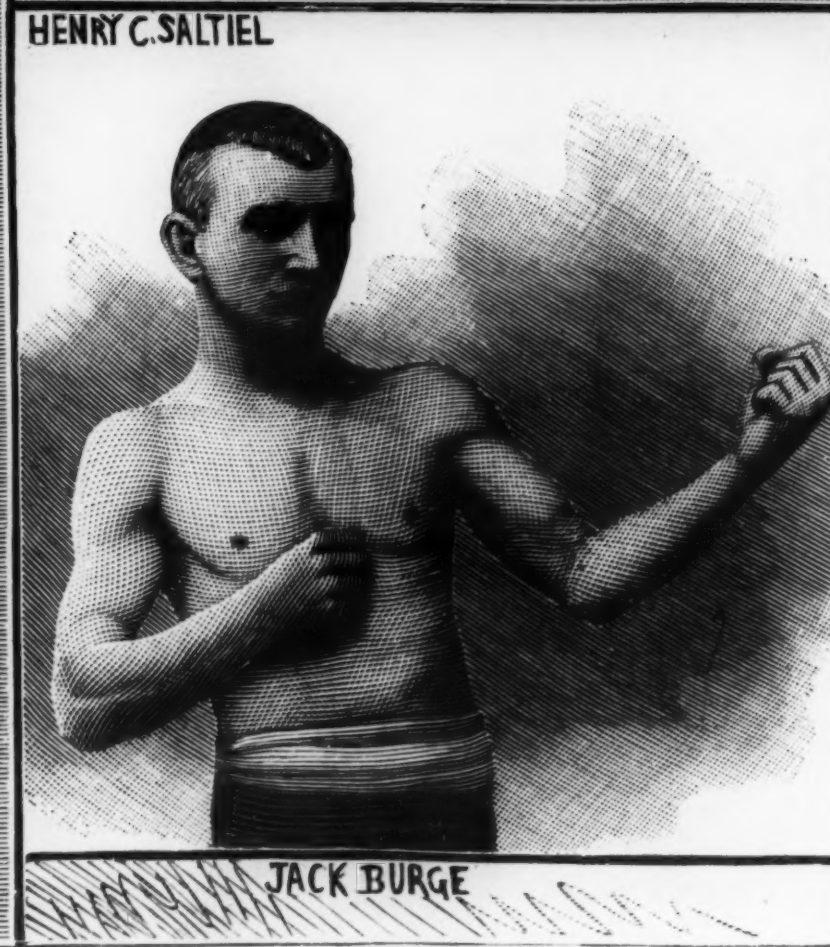
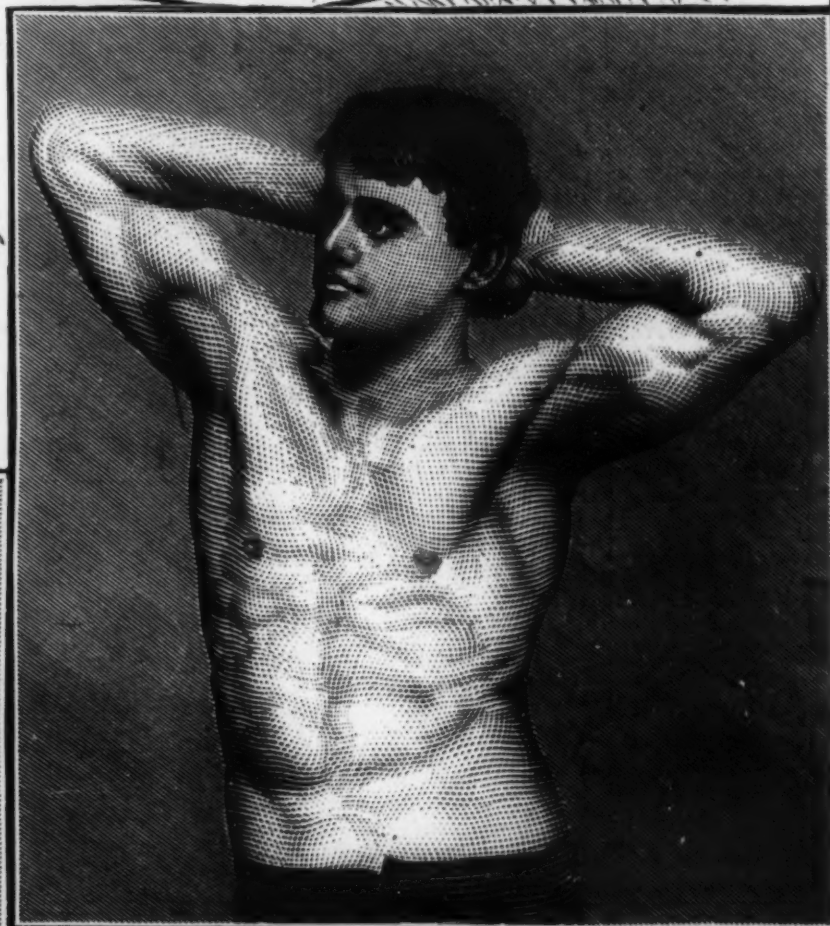
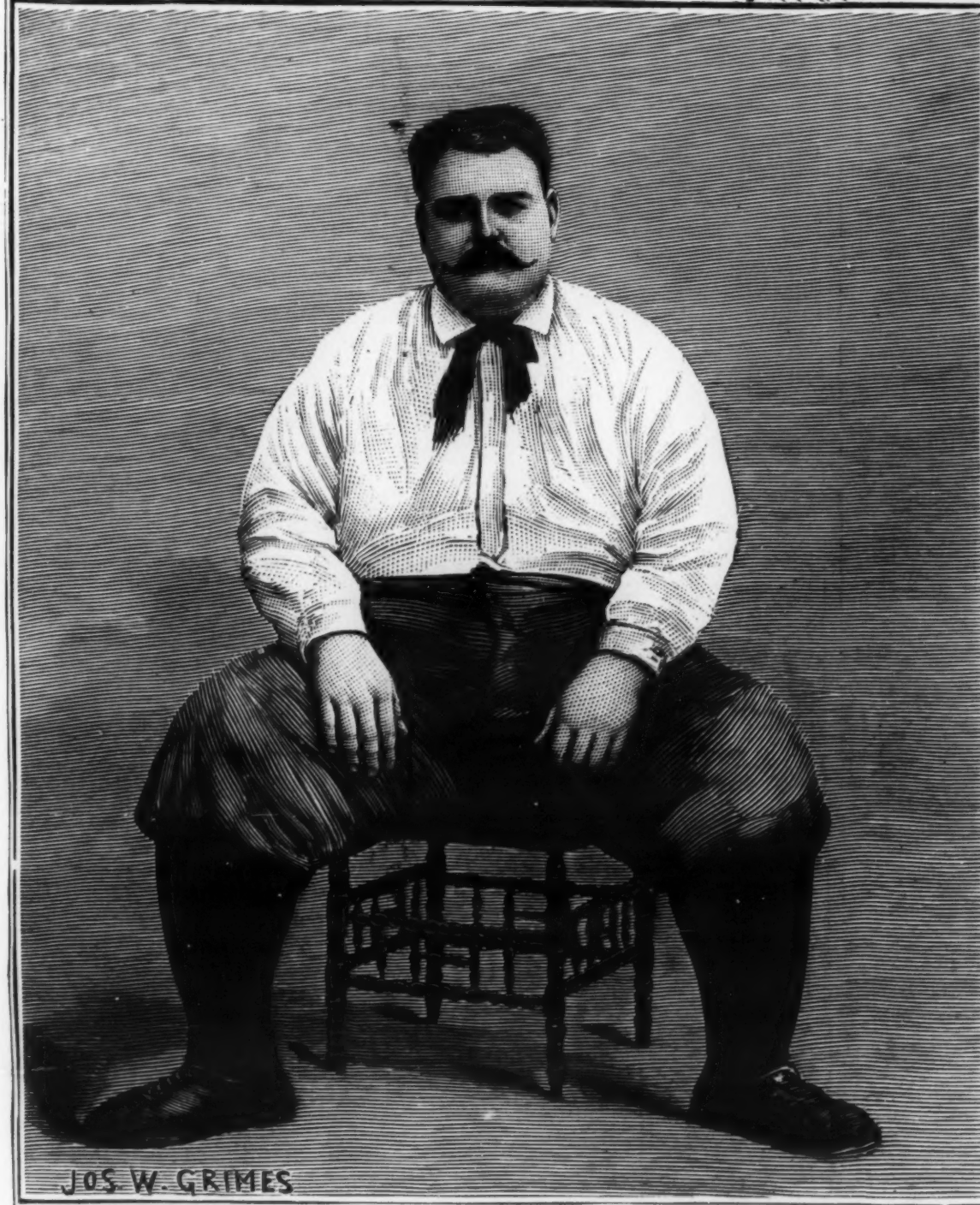
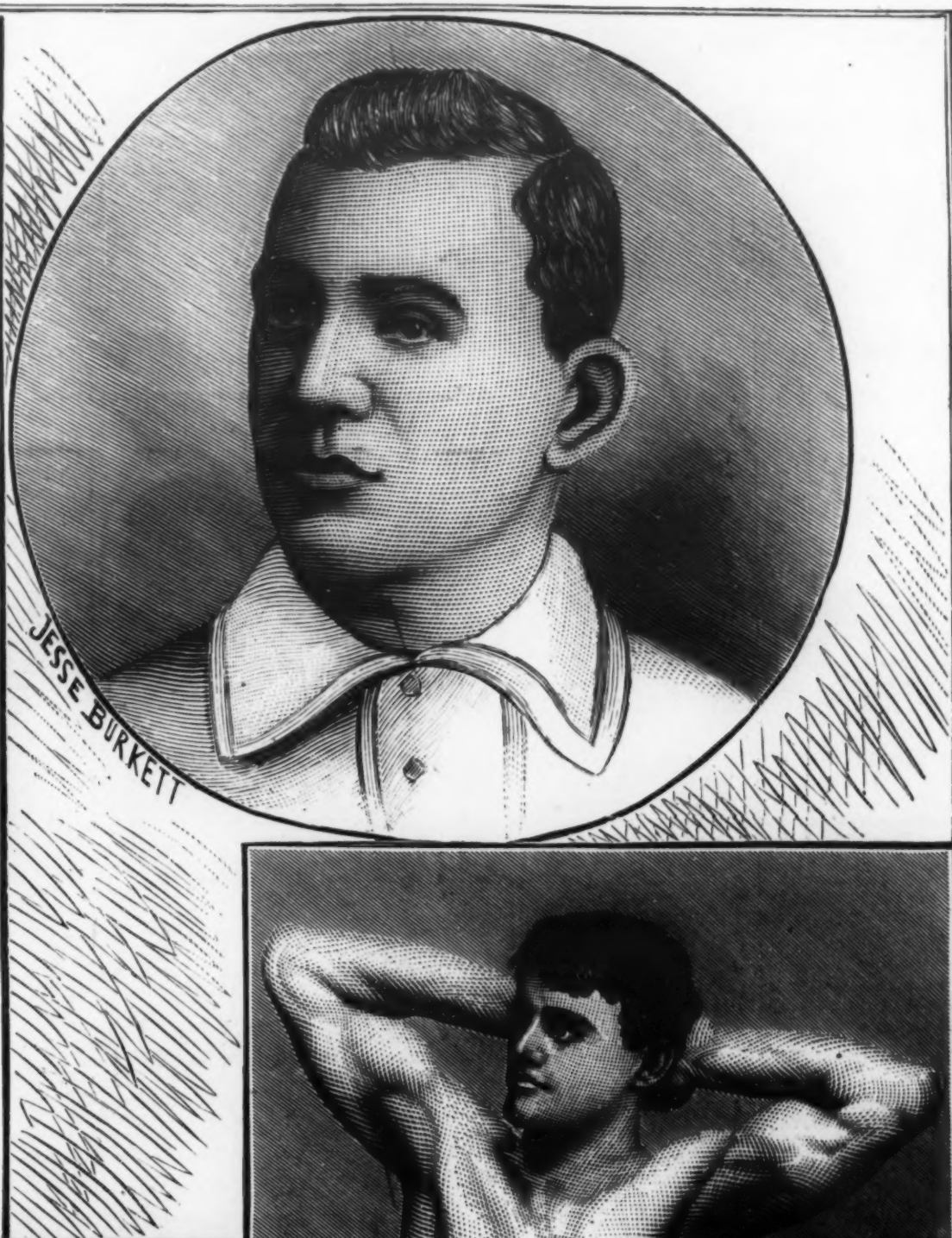
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Geraldine Ulmar—bust
Miss Vallos—tights
Carrie Wilson—tights
Mile. Zittella—tights
Isabelle Coe—costume
Madge Alphabet—tights
Otero—costume
Louise Montague—tights
Madge Lessing—costume
Modjeska—costume
Lillie Linde—tights
Mile. Fougere—costume
Carmenclita—costume
Billie Barlow—tights
Nellie Howard—tights
Frankie Haines—tights
Marion Manola—tights
Fay Templeton—tights
Jennie McNulty—t. and b.
Rose Newham—c. and b.

Ellen Pasmore—tights
Virginia Earle—tights
Nina Farrington—tights
Flo Henderson—tights
Jennie Joyce—t. and c.
Mollie Fuller—c. and t.
Patti—bust
Corra Tanager—bust
Fanny Davenport—bust
Yolande Wallace—tights
Mrs. Bernstein—bust
Maggie Cline—bust
Inez Rae—tights
Maggie Duggan—tights
Maud Granger—costume
Maud Evans—costume
Lillie Forest—tights
Lilly Harold—t. b. & c.
Stella Bard—tights
Lety Lind—costume
Lotta—costume
Pauline Hall—bust
Sylvia Gerrish—tights
Sylvia Gray—tights
Isabella Urquhart—cos.
Verona Jarbeau—tights
Clara Qualitz—tights
Mabel Guyer—tights
Lottie Gilson—tights
May Howard—tights
Mae Lowery—cost
Irene Vera—cost
Claire D'Luus—tights
May Hamilton—tights
Becky Bonehill—cost
Angelina Allen—tights
Mrs. E. Carlington—b. & c.
Mile. Bianca—tights



Ada Reeves—costume
Geraldine St. Maur—tights
Clara St. Maur—tights
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